THE Honeſt VVhore.

WITH

The Humours of the Patient Man, and the Longing Wife.

Tho: Dekker.

LONDON,
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The Honeſt Whore.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCEANA PRIMA.

Enter at one dore a Funerall, a Coronet lying on the Heare, Scutchins and Garlands hanging on the ſides, attended by Gaſparo Trebatzi, *Duke of* Millan, Caſtruchio, Sinezi, Pioratto Fluello, *and others at another dore. Enter* Hipolito *in diſcontented appearance:* Matheo *a Gentleman his friend, labouring to hold him backe.*

Duke.

BEhold, yon Commet ſhewes his head againe;
Twice hath he thus at croſſe-turnes throwne on vs
Prodigious lookes: Twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes. See, hee's turnde wilde;
Go on in Gods name.

All. On afore there ho.

Duke Kinſmen and friends, take from your manly ſides
Your weapons to keep back the deſperate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

Hipolito I pray thee deere *Matheo.*

Matheo Come y'are mad.

Hip. I do arreſt thee murderer: ſet downe.
Villaines ſet downe that ſorrow, 'tis all mine.

Duke I do beſeech you all, for my blouds ſake
Send hence your milder ſpirits; and let wrath
Ioine in confederacy with your weapons points;
If he proceed to vex vs, let your ſwords
Seek out his bowels: funeral griefe loathes words.

All Set on.

Hip. Set downe the body.

Mat. O my Lord!
Y'are wrong: i'th open ſtreet? you ſee ſhee's dead.

Hip. I know ſhe is not dead.

Duke Franticke yong man,
Wilt thou beleeue theſe Gentlemen? pray ſpeake:

Then

Thou doſt abuſe my child, and mockſt the teares
That heere are ſhed for her: If to behold
Thoſe roſes withered, that ſet out her cheekes:
That paire of ſtarres that gaue her body light,
Darkned and dim for euer: All thoſe riuers
That fed her veines with warme and crimſon ſtreames,
Frozen and dried vp: If theſe be ſignes of death,
Then is ſhe dead. Thou vnreligious youth,
Art not aſham'd to empty all theſe eyes
Of funerall teares (a debt due to the dead)
As mirth is to the liuing: Sham'ſt thou not
To haue them ſtare on thee? hark, thou art curſt
Euen to thy face, by thoſe that ſcarce can ſpeake.

Hip. My Lord.

Duke What wouldſt thou haue? is ſhe not dead?

Hip. Oh, you ha kild her by your cruelty.

Duke Admit I had, thou kill'ſt her now againe;
And art more ſauage then a barbarous Moore.

Hip. Let me but kiſſe her pale and bloudleſſe lip.

Duke O fie, fie, fie.

Hip. Or if not touth her, let me look on her.

Math. As you regard your honour.

Hip. Honour! ſmoake.

Mat. Or if you lou'd her liuing, ſpare her now.

Duke I, well done ſir, you play the Gentleman.
Steale hence: 'tis nobly done: away: I'le ioyne
My force to your, to ſtop this violent torment:
Paſſe on. *Exeunt with Funerall.*

Hip. Matheo thou doſt wound me more.

Math. I giue you phyſick noble friend, not wounds,

Duke Oh well ſaid, well done, a true gentleman:
Alack, I know the ſea of louers rage
Comes ruſhing with ſo ſtrong a tide: it beates
And beares downe all reſpects of life, of honour,
Of friends, of foes, forget her gallant youth.

Hip. Forget her?

Duke Na, na, be but patient:
For why deaths hand hath ſued a ſtrict diuorce

Twixt her and thee: what's beautie but a coarſe?
What but faire ſand-duſt are earths pureſt formes:
Queenes bodies are but trunkes to put in wormes.

Matheo Speak no more ſentences, my good Lord, but ſlip hence; you ſee they are but fits, I'le rule him I warrant ye. I, ſo, tread gingerly, you Grace is heere ſomewhat too long already. S'bloud the ieaſt were now, if hauing tane ſome knockes o'th pate already, he ſhould get looſe againe, and like a madde Oxe, toſſe my new blacke cloakes into the kennell. I muſt humour his Lordſhip: my Lord *Hipolito*, is it in your ſtomacke to goe to dinner?

Hipolito Where is the body?

Matheo The body, as the Duke ſpake very wiſely, is gone to be worm'd.

Hip. I cannot reſt, I'le meete it at next turne,
I'le ſee how my loue lookes, *Matheo holds him in's armes.*

Matheo How your loue lookes? worſe than a ſcarre-crow, wraſtle not with me: the great felow giues the fal for a duckat.

Hipolito I ſhall forget my ſelfe.

Matheo Pray do ſo, leaue your ſelfe behind your ſelfe, and go whither you will. S'foot, do you long to haue baſe rogues that maintaine a ſaint *Anthonies* fire in their noſes (by nothing but two peny Ale) make ballads of you? if the Duke had but ſo much mettle in him, as is in a coblers awle, he would ha been a vext thing: he and his traine had blowne you vp, but that their powder haz taken the wet of cowards: you'le bleed three pottles of Aligant, by this light, if you follow em, and then wee ſhal haue a hole made in a wrong place, to haue Surgeons role thee vp like a babie in ſwadling clouts.

Hipolito What day is to day, *Matheo*?

Matheo Yea mary, this is an eaſie queſtion: why to day is, let me ſee, Thurſeday. *Hipolito* O, Thurſeday.

Matheo Heere's a coile for a dead commodity, ſoote women when they are aliue are but dead commodities, for you ſhall haue one woman lie vpon many mens hands.

Hipolito She died on monday then.

Matheo And that's the moſt villanous day of all the week to die in: and ſhe was well, and eat a meſſe of water-grewel on

monday morning.

Hip. I, it cannot bee,
Such a bright taper ſhould burne out ſo ſoone.

Mat. O yes my Lord, ſo ſoone: why I ha knowne them, that at dinner haue beene as well, and had ſo much health, that they were glad to pledge it, yet before three a clock haue bene found dead drunke.

Hip. On thurſeday buried! and on monday dyed,
Quick haſt birlady: ſure her winding ſheete
Was laid out fore her body, and the wormes
That now muſt feaſt with her, were euen beſpoke,
And ſolemnely inuited like ſtrange gueſts.

Mat. Strange feeders they are indeed my Lord, and like your Ieaſter or yong Courtier, will enter vpon any mans trencher without bidding.

Hip. Curſt be that day for euer that robd her
Of breath, and me of bliſſe, henceforth let it ſtand
Within the Wizards booke (the kalender)
Markt with a marginall finger, to be choſen
By theeues, by villaines, and black murderers,
As the beſt day for them to labour in.
If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world
Be got with child with treaſon, ſacriledge,
Atheiſme, rapes, treacherous friendſhip, periury,
Slaunder, (the beggars ſinne) lies, (ſinne of fooles)
Or any other damn'd impieties,
On *Monday* let 'em be deliuered.
I ſweare to thee *Mathao*, by my ſoule,
Hereafter weekely on that day I'le glew
Mine eie-lids downe, becauſe they ſhall not gaze
On any female cheeke. And being lockt vp
In my cloſe chamber, there I'le meditate
On nothing but my *Infœlices* end,
Or on a dead mans ſcull draw out mine owne.

Mat. You'le doe all theſe good workes now euery monday, becauſe it is ſo bad: but I hope vpon tueſday morning I ſhall take you with a wench.

Hip. If euer whilſt fraile bloud through my veines runne,

On

On womans beames I throw affection,
Saue her that's dead: or that I looſely flie
To'th ſhore of any other wafting eie,
Let me not proſper heauen. I will be true,
Euen to her duſt and aſhes: could her tombe
Stand whilſt I liu'd ſo long, that it might rot,
That ſhould fall downe, but ſhe bee ne're forgot.

Mat. If you haue this ſtrange monſter, Honeſtie, in your belly, why ſo Ig-makers and Chroniclers ſhall picke ſomething out of you: but and I ſmell not you and a bawdy houſe out within theſe ten daies, let my noſe bee as big as an Engliſh bag-pudding: I'le follow your Lordſhip, though it be to the place aforenamed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fuſtigo *in ſome fantaſtick Sea-ſuite at one dore, a Porter meetes him at another.*

Fuſt. How now Porter, will ſhe come?

Porter If I may truſt a woman ſir, ſhe will come.

Fuſt. There's for thy paines, godamercy, if euer I ſtand in need of a wench that wil come with a wet finger, Porter, thou ſhalt earne my money before an *Clariſſimo* in Millaine; yet ſo god ſa me ſhee's mine owne ſiſter body and ſoule, as I am a Chriſtian Gentleman; fare-well, I'le ponder till ſhe come: thou haſt bene no bawd in fetching this woman, I aſſure thee.

Porter No matter if I had ſir, better men then Porters are bawdes.

Fuſt. O God ſir, many that haue borne Offices. But Porter art ſure thou wentſt into a true houſe?

Porter I thinke ſo, for I met with no thieues.

Fuſt. Nay, but art ſure it was my ſiſter *Viola.*

Porter I am ſure by all ſuperſcriptions it was the party you (ciphered.

Fuſt. Not very tall.

Porter Not very low, a midling woman.

Fuſt. 'Twas ſhe 'faith, 'twas ſhe, a pretty plumpe cheek like (mine.

Porter At a bluſh, a little very much like you.

Fuſt. Gods ſo, I would not for a duckat ſhe had kickt vp her heeles, for I ha ſpent an abhomination this voyage, marie I did it amongſt Sailers and Gentlemen: there's a little modicum more

more, Porter, for making thee ſtay, farewell honeſt Porter.

Porter I am in your debt ſir, God preſerue you. *Exit.*

Enter Viola.

Fu. Not ſo neither good Porter; gods lids, yonder ſhe coms. Siſter *Viola*, I am glad to ſee you ſtirring: it's newes to haue me heere, iſt not ſiſter?

Viola Yes truſt me: I wondred who ſhould bee ſo bold to ſend for me: your welcome to *Millan* brother.

Fuſt. Troth ſiſter I heard you were married to a very rich chuffe; and I was very ſorry for it, that I had no better clothes, and that made mee ſend: for you know we Millaners loue to ſtrut vpon Spaniſh leather. And how does all our friends?

Viola Very well; you haue trauelled enough now, I trow, to ſowe your wilde oates.

Fuſt. A pox on em; wilde oates, I ha not an oate to throw at a horſe; troth ſiſter I ha ſowde my oates, and reapt 200 duckats if I had em heere, marry I muſt entreat you to lend me ſome thirty or forty till the ſhippe come, by this hand I'le diſcharge at my day, by this hand.

Viola Theſe are your old oathes.

Fuſt. Why ſiſter, do you thinke I'le forſweare my hand?

Viola Well, well, you ſhall haue them: put your ſelfe into better faſhion, becauſe I muſt employ yon in a ſerious matter.

Fuſt. I'le ſweate like a horſe if I like the matter.

Viola You haue caſt off all your old ſwaggering humours.

Fuſt. I had not ſaild a league in that great fiſh-pond (the Sea) but I caſt vp my very gall.

Viola I am the more ſory, for I muſt employ a true ſwaggerer.

Fuſt. Nay by this yron ſiſter, they ſhall find I am powder and touch-boxe, if they put fire once into me.

Viola Then lend me your eares.

Fuſt. Mine eares are yours deere ſiſter.

Viola I am married to a man that haz wealth enough, and wit enough.

Fuſt. A Linnen Draper I was told ſiſter.

Viola Very true, a graue Citizen, I want nothing that a wife can wiſh from a husband: but heeres the ſpite, hee haz

not

not all things belonging to a man.

Fust. Gods my life, hee's a very mandrake, or elſe (God bleſſe vs) one a theſe whiblins, and that's worſe, and then all the children that hee gets lawfully of your body ſiſter, are baſtards by a ſtatute.

Vio. O you runne ouer me too faſt brother, I haue heard it often ſaid, that he who cannot bee angry is no man; I am ſure my husband is a man in print, for all things elſe, ſaue onely in this, no tempeſt can moue him.

Fust. Slid, would he had beene at ſea with vs, hee ſhould ha beene mou'd and mou'd agen, for I'le beſworne la, our drunken ſhip reel'd like a Dutchman.

Viola No loſſe of goods can increaſe in him a wrinkle, no crabbed language make his countenance ſowre, the ſtubburnnes of no ſeruant ſhake him, he haz no more gall in him than a Doue, no more ſting then an Ant: Muſitian will he neuer bee, (yet I finde much muſicke in him) but hee loues no frets, and is ſo free from anger, that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, becauſe it wants that vertue which all womens tongues haue (to anger their huſbands:) Brother, mine can by no thunder, turne him into a ſharpeneſſe.

Fust. Belike his bloud, ſiſter, is well brewd then.

Viola I proteſt to thee *Fuſtigo*, I loue him moſt affectionately, but I know not —— I ha ſuch a tickling within mee —— ſuch a ſtrange longing; nay, verily I doe long.

Fuſtigo Then y'are with childe ſiſter, by all ſignes and tokens; nay, I am partly a Phyſitian, and partly ſomething elſe. I ha read *Albertus Magnus*, and *Ariſtotles* Emblemes.

Viola. Y'are wide ath bow hand ſtill brother: my longings are not wanton, but wayward: I long to haue my patient huſband eate vp a whole Porcupine, to the intent, the briſtling quils may ſticke about his lippes like a flemmiſh muſtacho, and be ſhot at me: I ſhall be leaner then the new Moone, vnleſſe I can make him horne mad.

Fust. S'foote halfe a quarter of an houre does that: make him a cuckold.

Viola. Puh, he would count ſuch a cut no vnkindneſſe.

Fuſt. The honeſter Cittizen he; then make him drunk and cut off his beard.

Viola Fie, fie, idle, idle, hee's no French-man, to fret at the loſſe of a little ſcal'd haire. No brother, thus it ſhall bee, you muſt be ſecret.

Fu. As your Mid-wife I proteſt ſiſter, or a Barber-ſurgeon.

Viola Repaire to the *Tortoys* heere in S. *Chriſtophers* ſtreete, I will ſend you mony, turne your ſelfe into a braue man: inſteed of the armes of your miſtreſſe, let your ſword and your military ſcarfe hang about your necke.

Fuſt. I muſt haue a great Horſe-mans French feather too ſiſter.

Viola O, by any meanes, to ſhew your light head, elſe your hat will ſit like a coxcombe: to be briefe, you muſt bee in all points a moſt terrible wide mouth'd ſwaggerer.

Fuſt. Nay, for ſwaggering points let me alone.

Viola Reſort then to our Shop, and (in my husbands preſence) kiſſe me, ſnatch rings, iewels, or any thing; ſo you giue it backe agen brother in ſecret.

Fuſt. By this hand ſiſter.

Viola Sweare as if you came but new from Knighting.

Fuſt. Nay, I'le ſweare after 400 a yeare.

Viola Swagger worſe then a Lieuetenant among freſh-water ſouldiers, call me your loue, your ingle, your coſen, or ſo; but ſiſter at no hand.

Fuſt. No, no, it ſhall be cozen, or rather cuz that's the gulling word betweene the Cittizens wiues and their old dames, that man em to the garden; to call you one a mine aunes, ſiſter, were as good as call you arrant whore: no, no; let me alone to cozen you rarely.

Viola Haz heard I haue a brother, but neuer ſaw him, therfore put on a good face.

Fuſt. The beſt in Millan I warrant.

Viola Take vp wares, but pay nothing, rifle my boſome, my pocket, my purſe, the boxes for mony, to dice withall; but brother, you muſt giue all back agen in ſecret.

Fustigo By this welken that heere roares I will; or elſe let mee neuer know what a ſecret is: why ſiſter do you thinke I'le cunny-catch you, when you are my cozen? Gods my life, then I were a ſtarke Aſſe, if I fret not his guts, beg mee for a foole.

Viola Be circumſpect, and do ſo then, farewell.

Fust. The *Tortoys* ſiſter? I'le ſtay there; forty duckats. *Exit.*

Viola Thither I'le ſend: this law can none deny,
Women muſt haue their longings, or they die. *Exit.*

Gaſparo *the Duke*, *Doctor* Benedick, *two ſeruants.*

Duke Giue charge that none do enter, lock the dores;
And fellowes, what your eyes and eares receiue,
Vpon your liues truſt not the gadding aire
To carry the leaſt part of it: the glaſſe, the houre-glaſſe.

Doctor Heere my Lord.

Duke Ah, 'tis meere ſpent.
But Doctor *Benedick* does your Art ſpeake truth?
Art ſure the ſoporiferous ſtreame will ebbe,
And leaue the Criſtall banks of her white body
(Pure as they were at firſt) iuſt at the houre?

Doctor Iuſt at the houre my Lord.

Duke Vncurtaine her:
Softly ſweet Doctor: what a coldiſh heate
Spreads ouer all her body.

Doctor Now it workes:
The vitall ſpirits that by a ſleepie charme
Were bound vp faſt, and threw an icie ruſt
On her exterior parts, now 'gin to breake;
Trouble her not my Lord.

Duke Some ſtooles: you cal'd
For muſick, did you not? Oh ho, it ſpeakes,
It ſpeaks, watch firs her waking, note thoſe ſands.
Doctor ſit downe: A Dukedome that ſhould wey mine
Owne downe twice, being put into one ſcale:
And that fond deſperate boy *Hipolito*,
Making the weight vp, ſhould not (at my hands)
Buy her i'th tother, were her ſtate more light
Than hers, who makes a dowry vp with almes.

Doctor I'le ſtarue her on the Appenine
Ere he ſhall marry her: I muſt confeſſe,
Hipolito is nobly borne, a man,
Did not mine enemies bloud boile in his veines,
Whom I would court to be my ſon-in-law?
But Princes whoſe high ſpleenes for empery ſwel,
Are not with eaſie Art made paralell.

2 *Ser.* She wakes my Lord. *Duke* Look Doctor *Benedick*,
I charge you on your liues maintaine for truth,
What ere the Doctor or my ſelfe averre
For you ſhall beare her hence to *Bergamo*.

Inf. Oh God, what fearefull dreames?

Doctor Lady. *Inf.* Ha.

Duke Girle.
Why *Infaliſha*, how iſt now, ha, ſpeake?

Inf. I'me well, what makes this Doctor heere? I'me well.

Duke Thou wert not ſo euen now, ſicknes pale hand
Laid hold on thee euen in the deadſt of feaſting,
And when a cap crown'd with thy louers health
Had toucht thy lips, a ſencible cold dew
Stood on thy cheekes, as if that death wept
To ſee ſuch beauty altered.

Inf. I remember
I ſate at banquet, but felt no ſuch change.

Duke Thou haſt forget then how a meſſenger
Came wildely in with this vnſauory newes
That hee was dead.

Inf. What meſſenger? who's dead?

Duke *Hipolito*, alacke, wring not thy hands.

Inf. I ſaw no meſſenger, heard no ſuch newes.

Doctor Truſt me you did ſweete Lady.

Duke La you now. 2 *Seruants* Yes indeed Madam.

Duke La you now, 'tis well God knowes.

Inf. You ha ſlaine him, and now you'le murder mee.

Duke Good *Infaliſha* vex not thus thy ſelfe,
Of this the bad report before did ſtrike
So coldly to the heart, that the ſwift currents
Of life were all frozen vp.

Inf.

Inf. It is vntrue,
'Tis moſt vntrue, O moſt vnnaturall father!
Duke And we had much to do by Arts beſt cunning,
To fetch life back againe.
Doctor Moſt certaine Lady.
Duke Why la you now, you'le not beleeue me, friends
Sweate we not all, had wee not much to do?
2 *Ser.* Yes indeed, my Lord, much.
Duke Death drew ſuch fearefull pictures in thy face,
That were *Hipolito* aliue agen,
I'le kneele and wooe the noble Gentleman
To be thy husband: now I ſore repent
My ſharpneſſe to him and his family;
Nay, do not weep for him, we all muſt die:
Doctor this place where ſhe ſo oft hath ſeene
His liuely preſence, haunts her, does it not?
Doctor Doubtleſſe, my Lord, it does.
Duke It does, it does.
Therefore ſweet girle thou ſhalt to *Bergamo*.
Inf. Euen where you will, in any place there's woe.
Duke A Coach is ready, *Bergamo* doth ſtand
In a moſt wholſome aire, ſweet walkes, there's Deare,
I, thou ſhalt hunt and ſend vs veniſon,
Which like ſome gods in the *Coprian* groues,
Thine owne faire hand ſhall ſtrike; ſirs, you ſhall teach her
To ſtand, and how to ſhote, I, ſhe ſhall hunt:
Caſt off this ſorrow. In girle, and prepare
This night to ride away to *Bergamo*.
Inf. O moſt vnhappy maide. *Exit.*
Duke Follow it cloſe.
No words that ſhe was buried on your liues,
Or that her ghoſt walkes now after ſhee's dead;
I'le hang you if you name a funerall.
1 *Ser.* I'le ſpeake Greeke, my Lord, ere I ſpeake that deadly word. *(Exeunt.*
2 *Ser.* And I'le ſpeake Welch, which is harder then Greek.
Duke Away, look to her; Doctor *Benedick*,
Did obſerue how her complexion altered

Vpon his name and death, O would t'were true.

Doctor It may my Lord.

Duke May?how? I wiſh his death.

Doctor And you may haue your wiſh;ſay but the word,
And 'tis a ſtrong Spell to rip vp his graue:
I haue good knowledge with *Hipolito*,
He cals me friend, I'le creep into his boſome,
And ſting him there to death; poiſon can do't.

Duke Performe it;I'le create thee halfe mine heire.

Doctor It ſhall be done,although the fact be fowle.

Duke Greatneſſe hides ſin,the guilt vpon my ſoule.*Exeunt*

Enter Caſtruchio, Pioratto, *and* Fluello.

Caſt. Signior *Pioratto*, ſignior *Fluello*, ſhal's be merry? ſhal's play the wags now?

Flu. I, any thing that may beget the childe of laughter.

Caſt. Truth I haue a pretty ſportiue conceit new crept into my braine, will moue excellent mirth. (lie?

Pio. Let's ha't,let's ha't,and where ſhall the ſcœne of mirth

Caſt. At ſignior *Candido's* houſe, the patient man, nay the monſtrous patient man;they ſay his bloud is immoueable,that he haz taken all patience from a man, and all conſtancie from a woman.

Flu. That makes ſo many whores now a daies.

Caſt. I,and ſo many knaues too.

Pio. Well ſir.

Caſt. To conclude, the report goes, hee's ſo milde, ſo affable, ſo ſuffering, that nothing indeed can moue him: now do but think what ſport it will be to make this fellow(the mirror of patience) as angry, as vext, and as mad as an Engliſh Cuckold.

Flu. O, 'twere admirable mirth, that: but how wil't bee done Signior?

Caſt. Let me alone, I haue a trick, a conceit, a thing, a deuice will ſting him i'faith,if he haue but a thimble full of bloud in's belly,or a ſpleene not ſo big as a tauerne token.

Pio. Thou ſtirre him? thou moue him? thou anger him? alas, I know his approued temper: thou vexe him? why hee haz a patience aboue mans iniuries: thou maiſt ſooner raiſe a

ſpleene

ſpleene in an Angell, then rough humour in him: why I'le giue you inſtance for it. This wonderfull temper'd Signior *Candido* vpon a time inuited home to his houſe certaine Neapolitane Lords, of curious taſt, and no meane pallats, conjuring his wife of all loues, to prepare cheere fitting for ſuch honorable trencher-men. Shee (iuſt of a womans nature, couetous to try the vttermoſt of vexation, and thinking at laſt to get the ſtart of his humour) willingly neglected the preparation, and became vnfurniſh, not onely of dainty, but of ordinary diſhes. He (according to the mildneſſe of his breaſt) entertained the Lords, and with courtly diſcourſe beguiled the time (as much as a Citizen might do:) to conclude, they were hungry Lords, for there came no meat in; their ſtomackes were plainely gul'd and their teeth deluded, and (if anger could haue ſeiz'd a man there was matter enough yfaith to vexe any citizen in the world, if he were not too much made a foole by his wife.

Flu. I, I'le ſweare for't: 'tis foot, had it beene my caſe, I ſhould ha plaid mad trickes with my wife and family: firſt, I would ha ſpitted the men, ſtew'd the maides, and bak't the miſtreſſe, and ſo ſerued them in.

Pio. Why 'twould ha tempted any bloud but his,
And thou to vex him? thou to anger him
With ſome poore ſhallow ieſt?

Caſt. S'bloud Signior *Pioratto* (you that diſparage my conceit) I'le wage a hundred duckats vpon the head on't, that it moues him, frets him, and galles him.

Pio. Done, 'tis a lay, ioine gol's on't: witneſſe ſignior *Fluello.*

Caſt. Witneſſe: 'tis done:
Come, follw me: the houſe is not farre off,
I'le thruſt him from his humour vex his breaſt,
And winne a hundred duckats by one ieſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Candidoes *wife*, George, *and two Prentices in the ſhop.*

Wife Come, you put vp your wares in good order here, do you not think you, one peece caſt this way, another that way? you had need haue a patient maiſter indeed.

George:

George I, I'le beſworne, for we haue a curſt miſtreſſe.

Wife You mumble, do you mumble? I would your Maiſte, or I could be a note more angry: for two patient folkes in a houſe ſpoyle all the ſeruants that euer ſhall come vnder them.

1 *Prentiſe* You patient! I, ſo the deuill when hee is horne madde.

Enter Caſtruchio, Fluello, *and* Pioratto.

All three Gentlemen, what do you lack? what iſt you buy? See fine hollands, fine cambrickes, fine lawnes.

George What iſt you lacke?

2 *Prentiſe* What iſt you buy?

Caſt. Where's ſignior *Candido* thy Maiſter? (preſently.

George Faith ſignior, hee's a little negotiated, he'le appeare

Caſt. Fellow, let's ſee a lawne, a choice one ſirra.

George The beſt in all *Millan*, Gentlemen, and this is the peece. I can fit you Gentlemen with fine callicoes too for dublets, the onely ſweet faſhion now, moſt delicate and courtly, a meeke gentle calico, cut vpon two double affable taffataes, ah moſt neate, feate, and vnmatchable.

Flu. A notable-voluble tongde villaine.

Pio. I warrant this fellow was neuer begot without much prating.

Caſt. What, and is this ſhe ſaiſt thou?

George I, and the pureſt ſhe that euer you fingerd ſince you were a Gentleman: looke how euen ſhe is, looke how cleane ſhe is, ha, as euen as the brow of *Cinthia*, and as cleane as your ſonnes and heires when they ſpent all.

Caſt. Puh, thou talkſt, pox on't 'tis rough.

George How? is ſhe rough? but if you bid pox on't ſir, 'twill take away the roughneſſe preſently.

Flu. Ha ſignior; haz he fitted your French curſe?

George Looke you Gentleman, here's an other, compare them I pray, *compara Virgilium cum Homero*, compare Virgins with harlots.

Caſt. Puh, I ha ſeene better, and as you terme them, euener and cleaner.

George

George You may ſee further for your minde, but truſt mee you ſhall not find better for your body. *Enter Candido.*

Caſt. O heere he comes, let's make as tho we paſſe, Come, come, wee'le try in ſome other ſhop.

Cand. How now; what's the matter?

George The Gentlemen find fault with this lawne, fall out with it, and without a cauſe too.

Cand. Without a cauſe! And that makes you to let 'em paſſe away: Ah: may I craue a word with you Gentlemen?

Flu. Hę cals vs.

Caſt. Makes better for the ieſt.

Cand. I pray come neere, - y'are very welcome gallants, Pray pardon my mans rudeneſſe, for I feare me He's talk't aboue a Prentice with you, - Lawnes! Looke you kind gentlemen - this! no:- I this: Take this vpon my honeſt-dealing faith, To be a true weaue, not too hard nor ſlack, But eene as farre from falſhood, as from black.

Caſt. Well, how do you rate it?

Cand. Very conſcionably, 18.s. a yard.

Caſt. That's too deere: how many yards does the whole peece containe thinke you?

Cand. Why, ſome 17 yards, I thinke, or thereabouts, How much would ſerue your turne? I pray.

Caſt. Why let me ſee--would it were better too.

Cand. Truth, 'tis the beſt in *Millan* at few words.

Caſt. Well: let me haue then a whole peny-worth.

Cand. Ha, ha: y'are a merry Gentleman.

Caſt. A pennorth I ſay. *Cand.* Of Lawne!

Caſt. Of lawne? I of lawne, a pennorth, s'bloud doſt not heare? a whole pennorth, are you deaffe?

Cand. Deaffe? no Sir: but I muſt tell you, Our waires do ſeldome meete ſuch cuſtomers.

Caſt. Nay, and you and your lawnes be ſo ſqueamiſh, Fare you well.

Cand. Pray ſtay, a word, pray Signior: for what purpoſe is it I beſeech you?

Caſt. 'Sblond, what's that to you: I'le haue a peny-worth.
Cand. A peny-worth! why you ſhall: I'le ſerue you preſent-
2. *Pren.* S'foot a peny-worth Miſtreſſe! (ly.
Miſt. A peny-worth! call you theſe Gentlemen?
Caſt. No, no: not there.
Can. What then kinde Gentleman, what at this corner
Caſt. No not there neither. (heere?
I'le haue it iuſt in the middle, or elſe not,
Can. Iuſt in the middle: ha-you ſhall too: what?
Haue you a ſingle peny?
Caſt. Yes heere's one. *Cand.* Lend it me I pray.
Flu. An excellent followed ieſt.
Wife. What will he ſpoile the lawne now?
Cand. Patience, good wife.
Wife. I, that patience makes a foole of you: Gentlemen, you might ha found ſome other Citizen to haue made a kinde gull on, beſides my husband.
Cand. Pray Gentlemen take her to be a woman,
Do not regard her language. —O kind ſoule:
Such words will driue away all my cuſtomers.
Wife. Cuſtomers with a murren: call you theſe cuſtomers?
Cand. Patience, good wife. *Wife.* Pax a your patience.
George. S'foot miſtreſſe, I warrant theſe are ſome cheating companions.
Cand. Looke you Gentleman, there's your ware, I thanke you, I haue your mony; heare, pray know my ſhop, pray let me haue your cuſtome.
Wife Cuſtome quoth a.
Cand. Let me take more of your mony.
Wife. You had need ſo.
Pio. Harke in thine eare, th'aſt loſt an hundred duckats.
Caſt. Well, well, I know't: iſt poſſible that *Homo*
Should be nor man, nor woman: not once mou'd;
No not at ſuch an iniury, not at all!
Sure hee's a pigeon, for he haz no gall.
Flu. Come, come, y'are angry tho you ſmother it:
Y'are vext ifaith, -confeſſe. *Cand.* Why Gentlemen
Should you conceit me to be vext or mou'd?

He

He haz my ware, I haue his mony for't,
And that's no Argument I am angry: no
The beſt Logitian cannot proue me ſo.
Flu. Oh, but the hatefull name of a peny-worth of lawne,
And then cut out, i'th middle of the peece:
Pah, I gueſſe it by my ſelfe, would moue a lambe
Were he a Linnen-draper - twould i'faith.
Can. Well, giue me leaue to anſwer you for that:
We're ſet heere to pleaſe all cuſtomers,
Their humours and their fancies: - offend none:
We get by many, if we leeſe by one.
May be his mind ſtood to no more then that,
A peny-worth ſerues him, and 'mongſt trades 'tis found,
Deny a pennorth, it may croſſe a pound.
Oh, he that meanes to thriue, with patient eye
Muſt pleaſe the deuill if he come to buy.
Flu. O wondrous man, patient 'boue wrong or woe,
How bleſt were men, if women could be ſo.
Cand. And to expreſſe how well my breaſt is pleaſ'd,
And ſatisfied in all: - *George* fill a beaker. *Exit George.*
I'le drinke vnto that Gentleman, who lately
Beſtowed his mony with me. *Wife.* Gods my life,
We ſhall haue all our gaines drunk out in beakers,
To make amends for peny-worths of lawne. *Enter George.*
Can. Here wife, begin you to the Gentleman.
Wife. I beginne to him! *Cand. George* fil't vp againe:
'Twas my fault, my hand ſhooke. *Exit George.*
Pio. How ſtrangely this doth ſhow?
A patient man link't with a waſpiſh ſhrow.
Flu. A ſiluer and gilt beaker: I haue a trick to work vpon that beaker, ſure 'twill fret him, it cannot chooſe but vex him. Sig. *Caſtruchio*, in pitty to thee, I haue a conceit, will ſaue thy 100 duckats yet, 'twill doo't, and work him to impatience.
Caſt. Sweet *Fluello*, I ſhould be bountifull to that conceite.
Flu. Well 'tis enough. *Enter George.*
Can. Here Gentleman to you,
I wiſh you cuſtome, y'are exceeding welcome.
Caſt. I pledge you Sig. *Candido*, - heere you, that muſt receiue a 100 Duccats.

Pior. I'le pledge them deepe yfaith *Caſtruchio*
Signior *Fluello.*
Flu. Come:play't off: to me,
I am your laſt man.
Cand. George ſupply the cup.
Flu. So,ſo,good honeſt *George*,
Heere Signior *Candido*,all this to you.
Can. O you muſt pardon me,I vſe it not.
Flu. Will you not pledge me then?
Cand. Yes,but not that:
Great loue is ſhowne in little.
Flu. Blurt on your ſentences, - S'foote you ſhall pledge mee all.
Cand. Indeed I ſhall not. (then.
Flu. Not pledge mee? S'bloud, I'le carry away the beaker
Cand. The beaker!oh!that at your pleaſure ſir,
Flu. Now by this drinke I will.
Caſt. Pledge him, hee'le do't elſe.
Flu. So:I ha done you right on my thumb naile,
What will you pledge me now?
Can. You know me ſir,I am not of that ſin.
Flu. Why then farewell:
I'le beare away this beaker by this light.
Cand. That's as you pleaſe,'tis very good.
Flu. Nay it doth pleaſe me, and as you ſay, 'tis a very good (one,
Fare-well Signior *Candido.*
Pio. Farewell *Candido.*
Cand. Y'are welcome Gentlemen.
Caſt. 'Heart, not mou'd yet?
I thinke his patience is aboue our wit. (*Exeunt.*
George I told you before Miſtreſſe,they were all cheaters.
Wife Why foole, why husband, why mad-man, I hope you will not let 'em ſneake away ſo with a ſiluer and gilt beaker, the beſt in the houſe too: go fellowes make hue and cry after them.
Cand. Pray let your tongue lie ſtill,all will be well:
Come hither *George*, hye to the Conſtable,
And in calme order with him to attach them,

Make

Make no great ſtirre, becauſe they're Gentlemen,
And a thing partly done in merriment.
'Tis but a ſize aboue a ieſt thou know'ſt,
Therefore purſue it mildely, go be gone, (gaine.
The Conſtable's hard by, bring him along, —make haſt a-

Wife. O y'are a goodly patient Woodcock, are you not now? (*Exit George.*

See what your patience comes to: enery one ſaddles you, and rides you, you'le bee ſhortly the common ſtone horſe of *Millan:* a woman's well holp't vp with ſuch a meacocke; I had rather haue a husband that would ſwaddle me thrice a day, then ſuch a one, that will bee gul'd twice in halfe an houre: Oh I could burne all the wares in my ſhop for anger.

Cand. Pray weare a peacefull temper, be my wife,
That is, be patient: for a wife and husband
Share but one ſoule betweene them: this being knowne,
Why ſhould not one ſoule then agree in one? (*Exit.*

Wife Hang your agreements: But if my beaker be gone.—

Enter Caſtruchio, Fluello, Pioratto, and George.

Cand. Oh, heere they come.

George The Conſtable ſyr, let 'em come along with mee, becauſe there ſhould be no wondring: he ſtaies at dore.

Caſt. Conſtable goodman *Abram,*

Flu. Now Signior *Candido,* Sblood why do you attach vs?

Caſt. Sheart! attach vs!

Cand. Nay ſweare not gallants,
Your oathes may moue your ſoules, but not moue mee,
You haue a ſiluer beaker of my wiues.

Flu. You ſay not true: 'tis gilt.

Cand. Then you ſay true.
And being gilt, the guilt lyes more on you.

Caſt. I hope y'are not angry ſir.

Can. Then you hope right, for I am not angry.

Pio. No, but a little mou'd.

Cand. I mou'd! 'twas you were mou'd, you were brought

Caſt. But you (out of your anger and impatience) (hither.
Cauſ'd vs ſo be attacht.

Cand. Nay you miſplace it.

Out of my quiet ſufferance I did that,
And not of any wrath: had I ſhowne anger
I ſhould haue then purſude you with the law,
And hunted you to ſhame, as many worldlings
Do build their anger vpon feebler grounds,
The more's the pitty; many looſe their liues
For ſcarce ſo much coine as will hide their palme:
Which is moſt cruell, thoſe haue vexed ſpirits
That purſue liues, in this opinion reſt,
The loſſe of Millions could not moue my breſt.

Flu. Thou art a bleſt man, and with peace doſt deale,
Such a meek ſpirit can bleſſe a Common-weale.

Cand. Gentlemen, now t'is vpon eating time,
Pray part not hence, but dine with me to day.

Caſt. I neuer heard a carter yet ſay nay
To ſuch a motion. I'le not be the firſt.

Pio. Not I.

Flu. Nor I.

Can. The Conſtable ſhall beare you company.
George call him in, let the world ſay what it can,
Nothing can driue me from a patient man. *Exeunt.*

Enter Roger *with a ſtoole, cuſhin, looking-glaſſe and chafing-diſh, Thoſe being ſet downe, he puls out of his pocket, a violl with white cullor in it; and, two boxes, one with white, another red painting, he places all things in order and a candle by them, ſinging with the ends of old Ballads as he does it. At laſt* Bellafront *(as he rubbes his cheeke with the cullors) whiſtles within.*

Ro. Anon forſooth.

Bell. What are you playing the roague about?

Ro. About you forſooth: I'me drawing vp a hole in your white ſilke ſtocking.

Bell. Is my glaſſe there? and my boxes of complexion?

Ro. Yes forſooth: your boxes of complexion are heere I thinke: yes 'tis here: here's your two complexions, and if I had all the foure complexions, I ſhould nere ſet a good face vpon't, ſome men I ſee are borne vnder hard-fauoured Planets as well as women: zounds I looke worſe now then I did before, and it makes

makes her face glister most damnably, there's knauery in dawbing I hold my life, or else this is onely female *Pomatum*.

Enter Bellafronte *not full ready, without a gowne, she sits downe, with her bodkin curles her haire, cullers her lips.*

Bell. Where's my ruffe and poker you block-head?

Ro. Your ruffe, your pocker, are ingendring together vpon the cup-bord of the Court, or the Court-cup-bord.

Bell. Fetch 'em: Is the poxe in your hammes, you can goe no faster?

Ro. Woo'd the pox were in your fingers, vnlesse you could leaue flinging; catch. *Exit.*

Bell. I'le catch you, you dog by and by: do you grumble? Cupid *is a God, as naked as my naile,* She sings,

I'le whip him with a rod, if hee my true loue faile,

Ro. There's your ruffe, shall I poke it?

Bell. Yes honest *Ro.* no stay: pry thee good boy, hold here,

Downe, downe, downe, downe, I fall downe and arise, downe I neuer shall arise.

Ro. Troth M. then leaue the trade if you shall neuer rise.

Bell. What trade? goodman *Abram.*

Ro. Why that, if downe and arise or the falling trade.

Bell. I'le fall with you by and by.

Ro. If you do I know who shall smart for 't: Troth Mistresse, what do I looke like now.

Bell. Like as you are: a panderly Sixpenny Rascall.

Ro. I may thanke you for that: infaith I looke like an old Prouerbe, *Hold the candle before the deuill.*

Bell. Vds life, I'le stick my knife in your guts and you prate to me so: what, *She sings.*

Well met, pug, the pearle of beauty: vmh, vmh.
How now sir knaue, you forget your dutie, vmh, vmh.
Marry muffe Sir, are you growne so daintie: fa, la, la, &c.
Is it you sir, the worst of twentie, fa la, la, lerra la,

Pox on you, how dost thou hold my glasse.

Ro. Why, as I hold your dore: with my fingers.

Bell. Nay pray thee sweete hony *Ro.* hold vp handsomely *Sing prety wantons warble, &c.* We shall ha guests to day.

I lay

I lay my little maiden-head, my nose itches so.

Ro. I said so too last night, when our Fleas twing'd me.

Bell. So, Poke my ruffe now, my gowne, my gowne, haue (I my fall?

Where's my fall *Roger*? *One knocket.*

Ro. Your fall forsooth is behind.

Bell. Gods my pittikins, some foole or other knocks.

Ro. Shall I open to the foole mistresse?

Bell. And all these bables lying thus? away with it quickly, I, I, knock and be damn'd, whosoeuer you be. So: giue the fresh Salmon lyne now: let him come a shoare, hee shall serue for my breakefast, tho he go against my stomack.

Roger Fetch in Fluello, Castruchio, and Pioratto.

Flu. Morrow coz.

Cast. How does my sweete acquaintance?

Pio. Saue thee little Marmoset: how dost thou good pretty roague?

Bell. Well, Godamercy good pretty rascall.

Flu. Roger, some light I pray thee.

Ro. You shall Signior, for wee that liue heere in this vale of misery, are as darke as hell. *Exit.* for a candle.

Cast. Good Tobacco, *Fluello*?

Flu. Smell? (Enter *Roger.*

Pio. It may be tickling geere: for it plaies with my nose already.

Ro. Here's another light Angell, Signior. (already.

Bell. What yon pyed curtal, what's that you are neighing.

Ro. I say God send vs the light of heauen, or some more Angels.

Bell. Goe fetch some wine, and drinke halfe of it.

Ro. I must fetch some wine Gentlemen and drinke halfe (of it.

Flu. Here *Roger.*

Cast. No let me send pry thee.

Flu. Hold you canker worme.

Ro. You shall send both, if you please Signiors.

Pio. Stay, what's best to drink a mornings? (to her.

Ro. Hypocras sir, for my mistres, if I fetch it, is most deere

Flu. Hypocras lther then, her's a teston for you, you snake.

Ro. Right syr, here's iij.s.vj.d. for a pottle and a manchet. *Ex.*

Her's

Caſt. Her's moſt *Herculian Tobacco*, ha-ſome acquaintance?

Bell. Fah, not I, makes your breath ſtinke, like the piſſe of a Foxe. Acquaintance, where ſupt you laſt night?

Caſt. At a place ſweete acquaintance where your health danc'd the Canaries y'faith: you ſhould ha beene there.

Bell. I there among your Punkes, marry fah, hang-'em: I ſcorn't: will you neuer leaue ſucking of egges in other folkes hennes neaſts?

Caſt. Why in good troth, if you'le truſt me acquaintance, there was not one hen at the boord, aske *Fluello.*

Flu. No faith Coz, none but cocks, ſignior *Malauella* drunk to thee. *Bell.* O, a pure beagle; that horſe-leach there?

Flu. And the knight, S. *Oliuer Lollio* ſwore he would beſtow a taffata petticoate on thee, but to breake his faſt with thee.

Bell. With me! I'le choake him then, hang him Mole-catcher. it's the dreamingſt ſnotty noſe.

Pio. Well, many tooke that *Lollio* for a foole, but hee's a ſubtile foole. *Bell.* I, and he haz fellowes: of all filthy dry-fiſted knights, I cannot abide that he ſhould touch me.

Caſt. Why wench, is he ſcabbed?

Bell. Hang him, hee'le not liue to bee ſo honeſt, nor to the credite to haue ſcabbes about him, his betters haue 'em: but I hate to weare out any of his courſe Knight-hood, becauſe he's made like an Aldermans night-gowne, fac'd all with conny before, and within nothing but Fox: this ſweet *Oliuer* will eat Mutton till hee bee ready to burſt, but the leane iawde-ſlaue will not pay for the ſcraping of his trencher.

Pio. Plague him, ſet him beneath the ſalt, and let him not touch a bit, till euery one haz had his full cut.

Flu. Lord Ello, the Gentleman-Vſher came into vs too, marry 'twas in our cheeſe, for he had beene to borrow money for his Lord of a Citizen.

Caſt. What an Aſſe is that Lord, to borrow mony of a Citizen!

Bell. Nay, Gods my pitty, what an Aſſe is that Citizen to lend mony to a Lord!

Enter Matheo and Hypolito, who ſaluting the Company, as a ſtranger walkes off. Roger comes in ſadly behind them,

with a pottle pot, and ſtands aloofe off.

Matheo. Saue you Gallants, ſignior *Fluello*, exceedingly well met, as I may ſay.

Fluello. Signior *Matheo*, exceedingly well met too, as I may ſay.

Ma. And how fares my little pretty Miſtreſſe?

Bell. Ee'ne as my little pretty ſeruant; ſees three court diſhes before her, and not one good bit in them: how now? why the deuill ſtand'ſt thou ſo? Art in a trance?

Ro. Yes forſooth. *Bell.* Why doſt not fill out their wine?

Ro. Forſooth 'tis fild out already: all the wine that the ſigniors haz beſtow'd vpon you is caſt away, a Porter ranne a little at me, and ſo fac'd me downe that I had not a drop.

Bell. I'me a curſt to let ſuch a withered Artichocke faced-Raſcall grow vnder my noſe: now you looke like an old he cat, going to the gallowes: I'le bee hang'd if he ha not put vp the mony to cony-catch vs all.

Ro. No truely forſooth, 'tis not put vp yet.

Bell. How many Gentlemen haſt thou ſerued thus?

Ro. None but fiue hundred, beſides prentices and ſeruing-(men.

Bell. Doſt thinke Il'e pocket it vp at thy hands?

Ro. Yes forſooth, I feare you will pocket it vp.

Bell. Fye, fie, cut my lace good ſeruant, I ſhall ha the mother preſently, I'me ſo vext at this horſe-plumme.

Flu. Plague, not for a ſcal'd pottle of wine.

Ma. Nay ſweet *Bellafronte*, for a little pigs-wash!

Caſt. Heere *Roger*, fetch more, a miſchance. Y'faith Acquaintance.

Bell. Out of my ſight, thou vngodly puritanicall creature.

Ro. For the tother pottle? yes forſooth. *Exit.*

Bell. Spill that too: what Gentleman is that, ſeruant? your Friend?

Ma. Gods ſo a ſtoole, a ſtoole, if you loue me miſtreſſe, entertaine this Gentleman reſpectiuely, and bid him welcome.

Bell. Hee's very welcome, pray Sir ſit.

Hip. Thankes Lady.

Flu. Count *Hypolito*, iſt not? cry you mercy ſignior, you walke heere all this while, and we not heard you? let mee be-

ſtow

ſtow a ſtoole vpon you, beſeech you, you are a ſtranger heere, we know the faſhions ath' houſe.

Caſt. Pleaſe you be heere my Lord. *Tobacco.*

Hip. No good *Caſtruchio.*

Flu. You haue abandoned the Court I ſee my Lord ſince the death of your Miſtreſſe, well ſhe was a delicate piece -beſeech you ſweete, come let vs ſerue vnder the collors of your acquaintance ſtill: for all that, pleaſe you to meete heere at my lodging of my cuz, I ſhall beſtow a banquet vpon you.

Hipo. I neuer can deſerue this kindneſſe ſir.
What may this Lady be, whom you call cuz?

Flu. Faith ſir a poore gentlewoman, of paſſing good cariage, one that hath ſome ſutes in law, and lyes here in an Attornies houſe.

Hip. Is ſhe married?

Flu. Hah, as all your puncks are, a Captaines wife, or ſo: neuer ſaw her before, my Lord.

Hip. Neuer truſt me a goodly creature.

Flu. By gad when you know her as we do, you'le ſwear ſhe is the prettieſt, kindeſt, ſweeteſt, moſt bewitching honeſt Ape vnder the pole. A skinne, your ſatten is not more ſoft, nor lawne whiter.

Hip. Belike then ſhee's ſome ſale curtizan.

Flu. Troth as all your beſt faces are, a good wench.

Hip. Great pitty that ſhee's a good wench.

Ma. Thou ſhalt ha i'faith miſtreſſe : how now ſigniors, what, whiſpering? did not I lay a wager I ſhould take you within ſeuen daies in a houſe of vanity.

Hip. You did, and I beſhrew your heart, you haue wonne.

Ma. How do you like my miſtreſſe?

Hip. Well, for ſuch a miſtreſſe: better, if your miſtreſſe be not your maiſter.
I muſt breake manners Gentlemen, fare you well.

Ma. S'foote you ſhall not leaue vs.

Bell. The Gentleman likes not the taſt of our company.

Omn. Beſeech you ſtay.

Hip. Truſt me my affaires becken for me, pardon me.

Ma. Will you call for me halfe an houre hence here?

Hip. Perhaps I ſhall.

Ma. Perhaps:fah!I know you can ſweare to me you will.

Hip. Since you will preſſe me on my word,I will. *Exit.*

Bell. What ſullen picture is this ſeruant?

Ma. It's Count *Hypolito*, the braue Count.

Pio. As gallant a ſpirit,as any in *Millan* you ſweete Iew.

Flu. Oh hee's a moſt eſſentiall Gentleman,coz.

Caſt. Did you neuer heare of Count *Hipolitoes* acquaintance?

Bell. Mary muffe a your Counts,and be no more life in 'em.

Ma. He's ſo malcontent!ſirra *Bellafronta*,and you be honeſt gallants,let's ſup together,and haue the Count with vs : thou ſhalt ſit at the vpper end punck.

Bell. Punck,you ſouc'd gurnet.

Ma. Kings truce : come, I'le beſtow the ſupper to haue him but laugh. (lancholy.

Caſt. Hee betraies his youth too groſly to that tyrant ma-

Ma. All this is for a woman.

Bell. A woman! ſome whore! what ſweet Iewell iſt?

Pio. Wo'd ſhe heard you. *Flu.* Troth ſo wud I.

Caſt. And I by heauen.

Bell. Nay good ſeruant,what woman? *Ma.* Pah.

Bell. I pry thee tell me; a buſſe and tell me: I warrant hee's an honeſt fellow, if hee take on thus for a wench : good roague who?

Ma. By th'Lord I will not, muſt not,faith miſtreſſe: iſt a match ſirs?this night,at *Th'antilop*:I, for there's beſt wine,and

Omn. It's done at Th'antilop. (good boyes.

Bell. I cannot be there to night.

Ma. Cannot? by th'Lord you ſhall.

Bell. By the Lady I will not: ſhall?

Flu. Why then put it off till Fryday:wut come then cuz?

Bell. Well. *Enter Roger.*

Ma. Y'are the waſpiſheſt Ape. *Roger*, put your miſtreſſe in mind to ſup with vs on Friday next : y'are beſt come like a madwoman,without a band,in your waſtcoat,and the linings of your kirtle outward,like euery common hackny that ſteales out at the back gate of her ſweet knights lodging.

Bell.

Bell. Go, go, hang your ſelfe. *Caſt.* It's dinner time *Mathea*
Omn. Yes, yes, farewell wench. *Exeunt.* (ſhal's hence?
Bell. Farewell boyes: *Roger* what wine ſent they for?
Ro. Baſtard wine, for if it had bene truely begotten, it wud not ha beene aſham'd to come in, here's vi.s. to pay for nurſing the baſtard.
Bell. A company of rookes! O good ſweet *Roger*, runne to the Poulters, and buy me ſome fine larkes.
Ro. No woodcocks?
Bell. Yes faith a couple, if they be not deere.
Ro. I'le buy but one, there's one already here. *Exit.*

Enter Hipolito.

Hip. Is the Gentleman (my friend) departed miſtreſſe?
Bell. His back is but new turn'd ſir.
Hip. Fare you well. *Bell.* I can direct you to him.
Hip. Can you? pray.
Bell. If you pleaſe ſtay, hee'le not be abſent long.
Hip. I care not much.
Bell. Pray ſit forſooth. *Hip.* I'me hot,
If I may vſe your roome, I'le rather walke.
Bell. At your beſt pleaſure-whew-ſome rubbers there.
Hip. Indeed I'le none:-Indeed I will not, thankes.
Pretty fine lodging. I perceiue my friend
Is old in your acquaintance. *Bell.* Troth ſir, he comes
As other Gentlemen, to ſpend ſpare houres;
If your ſelfe like our roofe (ſuch as it is)
Your owne acquaintance may be as old as his.
Hip. Say I did like; what welcome ſhould I find?
Bell. Such as my preſent fortunes can affoord.
Hip. But would you let me play *Mathea's* part?
Bell. What part?
Hip. Why imbrace you: dally with you, kiſſe:
Faith tell me, will you leaue him and loue me?
Bell. I am in bonds to no man ſir. *Hip.* Why then,
Y'are free for any man: if any, me.
But I muſt tell you Lady, were you mine,
You ſhould be all mine: I could brooke no ſharers,
I ſhould be couetous, and ſweep vp all.

I ſhould be pleaſures vſurer: 'faith I ſhould.
Bell. O fate!
Hip. Why ſigh you Lady, may I know?
Bell. T'has neuer bin my fortune yet to ſingle
Out that one man, whoſe loue could fellow mine.
As I haue euer wiſht it: O my Stars!
Had I but met with one kind Gentleman,
That would haue purchas'd ſin alone to himſelfe,
For his owne priuate vſe, although ſcarſe proper;
Indifferent hanſome: meetly leg'd and thyed:
And my allowance reaſonable -yfaith,
According to my body -by my troth,
I would haue bene as true vnto his pleaſures,
Yea, and as loyall to his afternoones,
As euer a poore Gentlewoman could be.
Hip. This were well now to one but newly fledg'd,
And ſcarce a day old in this ſuttle world:
'Twere pretty Art, good bird-lime, cunning net:
But come, come, faith-confeſſe: how many men
Haue drunke this ſelfe-ſame proteſtation,
From that red ticing lip?
Bell. Indeed not any.
Hip. Indeed: and bluſh not I.
Bell. No in truth not any.
Hip. Indeed! intruth! -how warily you ſweare.
'Tis well: if ill it be not: yet had I
The ruffian in me, and were drawne before you
But in light collors, I do know indeed,
You could not ſweare indeed, But thunder oathes
That ſhould ſhake heauen, drowne the harmonious ſpheres,
And pierce a ſoule (that lou'd her Makers honour)
With horror and amazement.
Bell. Shall I ſweare,
Will you beleeue me then?
Hip. Worſt then of all,
Our ſins by cuſtome, ſeeme (at laſt) but ſmall.
Were I but o're your threſhold, a next man,
And after him a next, and then a fourth,

Should

Should haue this golden hook, and laſciuious baite,
Throwne out to the full length, why let me tell you:
I ha ſeene letters ſent from that white hand,
Tuning ſuch muſicke to *Matheos* eare.
Bell. *Matheo*! that's true, but beleeue it, I
No ſooner had laid hold vpon your preſence,
But ſtraight mine eye conueid you to my heart.
Hip. Oh, you cannot faine with me, why, I know Lady,
This is the common paſſion of you all,
To hooke in a kind Gentleman, and then
Abuſe his coyne, conueying to your louer,
And in the end you ſhew him a french trick,
And ſo you leaue him, that a coach may runne
Betweene his legges for bredth.
Bell. O! by my ſoule
Not I: therein I'le proue an honeſt whore,
In being true to one, and to no more.
Hip. If any be diſpos'd to truſt your oath,
Let him: I'le not be hee, I know you feine
All that you ſpeake, I: for a mingled harlot,
Is true in nothing but in being falſe.
What! ſhall I teach you how to loath your ſelfe,
And mildly too: not without ſenſe or reaſon.
Bell. I am content, I would faine loath my ſelfe
If you not loue me.
Hip. Then if your gracious bloud be not all waſted,
I ſhall aſſay to do't.
Lend me your ſilence, and attention, -You haue no ſoule,
That makes you wey ſo light: heauens treaſure bought it:
And halfe a crowne hath ſold it: -for your body
Is like the Common-ſhore, that ſtill receiues
All the Townes filth. The ſin of many men
Is within you, and thus much I ſuppoſe,
That if all committers ſtood in ranke,
They'd make a lane, (in which your ſhame might dwell)
And with their ſpaces reach from hence to hell.
Nay, ſhall I vrge it more, there has bene knowne

As many by one harlot, maym'd and diſmembred,
As would ha ſtuft an Hoſpitall: this I might
Apply to you, and perhaps do you right:
O y'are as baſe as any beaſt that beares,
Your body is ee'ne hir'd, and ſo are theirs:
For gold and ſparkling iewels, (if he can)
You'le let a Iew get you with Chriſtian:
Be he a Moore, a Tartar, tho his face
Looke vglier then a dead mans skull.
Could the deuill put on a humane ſhape,
If his purſe ſhake out crownes, vp theu he gets,
Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.
So that y'are crueller then Turkes, for they
Sell Chriſtiaus onely, you ſell your ſelues away.
Why thoſe that loue you, hate you: and will terme you
Lickeriſh damnation: wiſh themſelues halfe ſunke
After the ſin is laid out, and ee'ne curſe
Their fruitleſſe riot (for what one begets
Another poiſons) luſt and murder hit,
A ttee being often ſhook, what fruit can knit?

Bell. O me vnhappy!

Hip. I can vex you more;

A harlot is like *Dunkirke*, true to none,
Swallows both Engliſh, Spaniſh, fulſome Dutch,
Black-doord Italian, laſt of all the French,
And he ſticks to you 'faith: giues you your diet,
Brings you acquainted, firſt with monſier Doctor
And then you know what followes.

Bell. Miſery.

Ranke, ſtinking, and moſt loathſome miſery.

Hip. Me thinks a toad is happier then a whore,
That with on poyſon ſwels, with thouſands more
The other ſtocks her veines: harlot: fie, fie,
You are the miſerableſt creatures breathing,
The very ſlaues of nature: marke me elſe,
You put on rich attires, others eyes weare them,
You eate, but to ſupple your blond with ſin:
And this ſtrange curſe ee'ne haunts you to your graues.

From

From fooles you get, and ſpend it vpon ſlaues:
Like Beares and Apes, y'are bayted & ſhew tricks
For mony; but your Bawd the ſweetneſſe licks.
Indeed you are their Iourney-women, and do
All baſe and damn'd workes they liſt ſet you to:
So that you ne're are rich; for do but ſhew me,
In preſent memory, or in ages paſt,
The faireſt and moſt famous Courtezan,
Whoſe fleſh was deer'ſt; that rais'd the price of ſin
And held it vp; to whoſe intemperate boſome,
Princes, Earles, Lords, the worſt has bin a Knight,
The mean'ſt a Gentleman, haue offred vp
Whole Hecatombs of ſighs, and rain'd in ſhowres
Handfuls of gold, yet for all this, at laſt
Diſeaſes ſuckt her marrow, then grew ſo poore,
That ſhe has beg'd ee're at a beggars doore.
And (wherin beau'n has a finger) when this Idoll,
From coaſt to coaſt, has leapt on forraine ſhores,
And had more worſhip, then the outlandiſh whores
When ſeuerall Nations haue gone ouer her,
When for each ſeuerall Citie ſhe has ſeene,
Her Maydenhead has bene new, and bene ſold deare:
Did liue well there, and might haue dy'd vnknowne,
And vndefam'd; back comes ſhe to her owne,
And there both miſerably liues and dies,
Scorn'd euen of thoſe that once ador'd her eyes,
As if her fatall-circled life, thus ranne,
Her pride ſhould end there, where it firſt beganne.
What do you weep to heare your Story read?
Nay, if you ſpoyle your checks, I'le read no more.

Bell. O yes, I pray proceed:
Indeed 'twill do me good to weepe indeed.

Hip. To giue thoſe teares a relliſh, this I adde,
Y'are like the Iewes, ſcatter'd in no place certaine,
Your daies are tedious, your houres burdenſome:
And wer't not for full ſuppers, midnight Reuels,
Dancing, wine, ryotous meetings, which do drowne,
And bury quite in you all vertuous thoughts,

And on your eye-lids hang ſo heauily,
They haue no power to looke ſo high as heauen,
You'de ſit and muſe on nothing but deſpaire,
Curſe that deuill *Luſt*, that ſo burnes vp your bloud,
And in ten thouſand ſhiuers breake your glaſſe
For his temptation. Say you taſte delight,
To haue a golden Gull from Rize to Set,
To meate you in his hote luxurious armes,
Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dreame
Of Warrants, Whips, and Beadles, and then ſtart
At a dores windy creake: thinke euery Weezle
To be a Conſtable, and euery Rat
A long taild Officer: Are you not ſlaues?
Oh you haue damnation without pleaſure for it!
Such is the ſtate of Harlots: To conclude,
When you are old, and can well paint no more,
You turne Bawd, and are then worſe then before:
Make vſe of this: farewell.

Bell. Oh, I pray ſtay.

Hip. See *Matheo* comes not: time hath bar'd me.
Would all the Harlots in the Towne had heard me. *Exit.*

Bell. Stay yet a little longer, no: quite gone!
Curſt be that minute (for it was no more,
So ſoone a maid is chang'd into a whore)
Wherein I firſt fell, be it for euer blacke.
Yet why ſhould ſweet *Hipolito* ſhun mine eyes;
For whoſe true loue I would become pure-honeſt,
Hate the worlds mixtures, and the ſmiles of gold?
Am I not faire: why ſhould he flye me then?
Faire creatures are deſir'd, not ſcorn'd of men.
How many Gallants haue drunk healthes to me,
Out of their dagger'd armes, and thought them bleſt,
Enioying but mine eyes at prodigall feaſts!
And does *Hipolito* deteſt my loue?
Oh, ſure their heedleſſe luſts but flattred me,
I am not pleaſing, beautifull nor yong.
Hipolito hath ſpyed ſome vgly blemiſh,
Eclipſing all my beauties; I am fouler;

Harlots

Harlot! I, that's the ſpot that taints my ſoule:
What! has he left his weapon here behind him,
And gone forgetfull? O fit inſtrument
To let forth all the poyſon of my fleſh!
Thy M. hates me, cauſe my bloud hath rang'd:
But when 'tis forth, then hee'le beleeue I'me chang'd.

Hip. Mad woman, what art doing? *Enter Hip.*

Bell. Either loue me,
Or ſplit my heart vpon thy Rapiers point:
Yet do not neither; for thou then deſtroy'ſt
That which I loue thee for (thy vertues) heere, heere,
Th'art crueller, and kil'ſt me with diſdaine:
To die ſo, ſheds no bloud, yet 'tis worſe paine. *Exit.*

Not ſpeake to me! not bid farewell! a ſcorne! *Hipol.*
Hated! this muſt not be, ſome meanes I'le try.
Would all Whores were as honeſt now, as I. *Exeunt.*

SCENA 7.

Enter Candido, his wife, George, and two Prentices in the ſhop: Fuſtigo enters, walking by.

Geor. See Gentlemen, what you lack? a fine Holland, a fine Cambrick, ſee what you buy. (you lack?

1. *Pren.* Holland for ſhirts, Cambrick for bands, what iſt

Fuſt. S'foot, I lack 'em all, nay more, I lacke money to buy 'em: let mee ſee, let me looke againe: maſſe this is the ſhoppe; What Coz! ſweet Coz! how doſt i'faith, ſince laſt night after candlelight? we had good ſport i'faith, had we not? and when ſhal's laugh agen?

Wife. When you will, Cozen. (husband.

Fuſt. Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian: I ſee yonders thy

Wife. I, there's the ſweet youth, God bleſſe him.

Fuſt. And how iſt Cozen, and how, how iſt thou ſquall?

Wife. Well, Cozen, how fare you?

Fuſt. How fare I? troth, for ſixpence a meale, wench, as wel as heart can wiſh, with Calues Chaldrons, and Chitterlings, beſides, I haue a Punck after ſupper, as good as a roſted Apple.

Cand. Are you my wiues Cozen?

Fuſt. I am ſir, what haſt thou to do with that?

Cand. O, nothing but y'are welcome.

Fust. The Deuils dung in thy teeth: I'le be welcome whether thou wilt or no, I: What ring's this Coz? very pretty and fantaſticall i'faith, let's ſee it.

Wife. Puh! nay you wrench my finger.

Fust. I ha ſworne I'le ha't, and I hope you will not let my othes be crackt in the ring, will you? I hope, ſir, you are not malicolly at this for all your great lookes: are you angry?

Cand. Angry? not I ſir, nay if ſhe can part
So eaſily with her ring, 'tis with my heart.

Geor. Suffer this, ſir, and ſuffer all, a whoreſon Gull, to---

Cand. Peace *George*, when ſhe has reapt what I haue ſowne,
She'le ſay, one graine taſtes better of her owne,
Then whole ſheaues gather'd from anothers land:
Wit's neuer good, till bought at a deere hand.

George. But in the meane time ſhe makes an Aſſe of ſome-(body.

2. *Pren.* See, ſee, ſee, ſir, as you turne your back, they do nothing but kiſſe.

Cand. No matter, let 'em: when I touch her lip,
I ſhall not feele his kiſſes, no nor miſſe
Any of her lip: no harme in kiſſing is.
Looke to your buſineſſe, pray, make vp your wares.

Fust. Troth Coz, and well remembred, I would thou wouldſt giue me fiue yards of Lawne, to make my Punck ſome falling bands a the faſhion, three falling one vpon another: for that's the new edition now: ſhe's out of linnen horribly too, troth, ſhe as neuer a good ſmock to her back neither, but one that haz a great many patches in't, and that I'me faine to weare my ſelfe for want of ſhift too: prythee put mee into wholeſome napery, and beſtow ſome cleane commodities vpon vs.

Wife. Reach me thoſe Cambricks, and the Lawnes hither.

Can. What to do wife, to lauiſh out my goods vpon a foole?

Fust. Foole! Sneales eate the foole, or I'le ſo batter your crowne, that it ſhall ſcarce go for fiue ſhillings.

2. *Pren.* Do you heare ſir: y'are beſt bee quiet, and ſay a foole tels you ſo.

Fust. Nailes, I think ſo, for thou telſt me.

Cand. Are you angry ſir, becauſe I nam'd the foole?
Truſt me, you are not wiſe, in mine owne houſe!

And

And to my face to play the Antick thus:
If you'le needs play the madman, chooſe a ſtage
Of leſſer compaſſe, where few eyes may note
Your actions errour; but if ſtill you miſſe,
As here you do, for one clap, ten will hiſſe.

Fuſt. Zwounds Cozen, he talkes to me, as if I were a ſcuruy Tragedian.

2. *Pren.* Sirra *George*, I ha thought vpon a deuice, how to breake his pate, beate him ſoundly and ſhip him away.

Geor. Doo't. 2. *Pren.* I'le go in, paſſe through the houſe, giue ſome of our fellow Prentices the watch-word when they ſhall enter, then come and fetch my maiſter in by a wile, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference, whilſt we cudgell the Gull out of his coxcombe.

Geor. Doo't: away, doo't.

Wife. Muſt I call twice for theſe cambricks and lawnes?

Cand. Nay ſee, you anger her, *George* prythee diſpatch.

2. *Pren.* Two of the choiceſt peeces are in the warehouſe, ſir.

Cand. Go fetch them preſently. *Exit* 1. *Prentice.*

Fuſt. I, do, make haſte, ſirra.

Cand. Why were you ſuch a ſtranger all this while, being my wiues cozen?

Fuſt. Stranger? no ſir, I'me a naturall Milaner borne.

Can. I perceiue ſtill it is your naturall guiſe to miſtake me, but you are welcome ſir, I much wiſh your acquaintance.

Fuſt. My acquaintance? I ſcorne that i'faith; I hope my acquaintance goes in chaines of gold three and fifty times double: you know who I meane, Coz, the poſts of his gate are a painting too. *Enter the* 2. *Prentice.*

2. *Pren.* *Signior Pandolfo* the Marchant, deſires conference with you. *Can.* *Signior Pandolfo*? I'le be with him ſtraight, Attend your miſtris and the Gentleman. *Exit.*

Wife When do you ſhew thoſe pieces?

Fuſt. I, when do you ſhew thoſe peeces?

Omn. Preſently ſir, preſently, wee are but charging them.

Fuſt. Come ſirra: you Flat-cap, where be theſe whites?

Geor. Flat cap: heark in your eare ſir, y'are a flat foole, an Aſſe, a Gull, and I'le thrum you: do you ſee this cambrick ſir?

Fust. S'foot Coz, a good ieſt, did you heare him? he told me in my eare, I was a flat Foole, an Aſſe, a Gull, and I'le thrumb you: do you ſee this Cambrick ſir.

Wife. What, not my men, I hope?

Fust. No, not your men, but one of your men ifaith.

1. *Pr.* I pray ſir, come hither, what ſay you to this: heere an excellent good one. (yards.

Fust. I marry, this likes me well, cut me off ſome halfe ſcore

2. *Pren.* Let your whores cut, y'are an impudent Coxcomb, you get none, and yet I'le thrumb you, - A very good Cambrick ſir.

Fust. Agen, agen, as God iudge me: S'foot, Coz, they ſtand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing.

1. *Pren.* A word I pray ſir, you muſt not be angry, Prentices haue hot blouds, yong fellowes, - What ſay you to this peece: Looke you, 'tis ſo ſoft, ſo delicate, ſo euen, ſo fine a thrid, that a Lady may weare it.

Fust. Sfoot I think ſo, if a Knight marry my punck, a Lady ſhall weare it: cut me off 20 yards: th'art an honeſt lad.

1. *Pren.* Not without mony, gull, and I'le thrum you too.

Omn. Gull, wee'le thrum you.

Fust. O Lord, ſiſter, did not you heare ſomething cry thrum? zounds your men here make a plaine Aſſe of me.

Wife. What, to my face ſo impudent?

Geor. I, in a cauſe ſo honeſt, wee'le not ſuffer
Our Maiſters goods to vaniſh mony-leſſe.

Wife. You'le not ſuffer them.

2. *Pren.* No, and you may bluſh,
In going about to vex ſo milde a breaſt,
As is our Maiſters. *Wife.* Take away thoſe peeces.
Cozen, I giue them freely.

Fust. Maſſe, and I'le take 'em as freely.

Omn. Wee'le make you lay 'em downe againe more freely.

Wife. Help, help, my brother will be murdered. *Enter Can.*

Can. How now, what coyle is here? forbeare, I ſay.

Geor. He cal's vs Flatcaps, and abuſes vs.

Cand. Why ſirs: do ſuch examples flow from me?

Wife. They are of your keeping ſir, alas poore brother.

Fust.

Fust. I faith they ha pepperd me, ſiſter: looke, doſt not ſpin? call you theſe Prentices? I'le nere play at cards more when clubs is trump: I haue a goodly coxcomb, ſiſter, haue I not?

Cand. Siſter and brother, brother to my wife.

Fust. If you haue any skill in Heraldry, you may ſoone know that, break but her pate, and you ſhall ſee her bloud and mine is all one.

Cand. A Surgeon, run, a Surgeon: Why then wore you that forged name of Cozen?

Fust. Becauſe it's a common thing to call Coz, and mingle now a daies all the world ouer.

Cand. Cozen! An name of much deceite, folly, and ſin,
For vnder that common abuſed word,
Many an honeſt tempred Citizen
Is made a monſter, and his wife train'd out
To foule adulterous action, full of fraud.
I may well call that word, A Cities Bawd.

Fust. Troth brother, my ſiſter would needs ha me take vpon me to gull your patience a little: but it haz made double Gulles on my coxcomb.

Wife. What, playing the woman-blabbing now you foole.

Cand. O my wife did but exerciſe a ieſt vpon your wit.

Fust. Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, me thinkes.

Cand. Then let this warning more of ſence afford.
The name of cozen is a bloudy word.

Fust. I'le nere call Coz againe whilſt I liue, to haue ſuch a coyle about it: this ſhould be a Coronation day; for my head runnes Claret luſtily. *Exit.* *Enter an Officer.*

Cand. Go wiſh the Surgeon to haue great reſpect.
How now, my friend, what, do they ſit to day?

Offi. Yes ſir, they expect you at the Senate-houſe.

Can. I thank your paines, I'le not be laſt man there. *Exit.*
My gowne, *George*, go, my gowne. A happy land, *Offi.*
Where graue men meet each cauſe to vnderſtand,
Whoſe conſciences are not cut out in bribes,
To gull the poore mans right: but in euen ſcales,
Peize rich and poore, without corruptions veyles,
Come, where's the gowne? *Geor.* I cannot find the key ſir.

Cand. Requeſt it of your Miſtreſſe.

Wife. Come not to me for any key.
I'le not be troubled to deliuer it.
Cand. Good wife, kind wife, it is a needfull trouble,
but for my gowne.
Wife. Mothes ſwallow downe your gowne:
You ſet my teeth an edge with talking on't.
Cand. Nay prythee, ſweet, I cannot meet without it,
I ſhould haue a great fine ſet on my head.
Wife. Set on your coxcomb: tuſh, fine me no fines.
Can. Beleeue me (ſweet) none greets the Senate-houſe,
Without his robe of reuerence, that's his Gowne.
Wife. Well, then y'are like to croſſe that cuſtome once,
You get nor key, nor gowne, and ſo depart:
This trick will vex him ſure, and fret his heart. *Exit.*
Cand. Stay, let me ſee, I muſt haue ſome deuice,
My cloke's too ſhort: fy, fy, no cloke will do't:
It muſt be ſomething faſhioned like a gowne,
With my armes out: oh *George*, come hither *George:*
I prythee lend me thine aduice. (open cheſt.
Geor. Troth ſir, were it any but you, they would breake
Can. O no, break open cheſt! that's a Theeues office:
Therein you counſell me againſt my bloud:
'Twould ſhew impatience that, any meeke meanes
I would be glad to embrace. Maſſe I haue got it:
Go, ſtep vp, fetch me downe one of the Carpets,
The ſaddeſt colour'd Carpet, honeſt *George*,
Cut thou a hole i'th middle for my necke,
Two for mine armes, nay prythee looke not ſtrange.
George. I hope you do not thinke ſir, as you meane.
Cand. Prythee about it quickly, the houre chides me:
Warily *George*, ſoftly, take heed of eyes, *Exit George.*
Out of two euils hee's accounted wiſe,
That can pick out the leaſt; the Fine impos'd
For an vn-gowned Senator, is about
Forty cruzadoes, the Carpet not 'boue foure.
Thus haue I choſen the leſſer euill yet,
Preſeru'd my patience, foyl'd her deſperate wit.
Geor. Here, ſir, here's the Carpet. *Enter George.*

Cand.

Cand. O well done, *George*, wee'le cut it iuſt i'th' midſt:
'Tis very well I thanke thee, help it on. (ticoat.
Geor. It muſt come ouer your head, ſir, like a wenches pe-
Cand. Th'art in the right, good *George*, it muſt indeed.
Fetch me a night-cap: for I'le gird it cloſe,
As if my health were queazy: 'twill ſhow well
For a rude careleſſe night-gowne, wil't not think'ſt?
Geor. Indifferent well, ſir, for a night-gowne, being girt and
Cand. I, and a night-cap on my head. (pleated.
Ge. That's true ſir, I'le run and fetch one, and a ſtaffe. *Ex. Ge.*
Can. For thus they cannot chuſe but conſter it,
One that is out of health, takes no delight,
Weares his apparell without appetite,
And put's on heedleſſe raiment without forme. *Enter Geo.*
So, ſo, kind *George*, be ſecret now: and prithee do not laugh at
me till I'me out of ſight. *Geo.* I laugh? not I ſir.
Cand. Now to the Senate-houſe:
Methinkes, I'de rather weare without a frowne,
A patient Carpet, then an angry Gowne. *Exit.*
Geo. Now looks my M. iuſt like one of our carpet knights,
onely hee's ſomewhat the honeſter of the two. *Enter Can-*
Wife. What, is your Maiſter gone? *didates wife.*
Geo. Yes forſooth, his back is but new turn'd.
Wife. And in's cloake, did he not vex and ſweare?
Geor. No, but hee'le make you ſweare anon: no indeed, he
went away like a Lambe.
Wife. Key ſanke to hell: ſtill patient, patient ſtill!
I am with child to vex him: prythee *George*,
If e're thou look'ſt for fauour at my hands,
Vphold one ieſt for me. *Geo.* Againſt my maiſter?
Wi. 'Tis a meere ieſt: ſay wilt thou doo't? *Ge.* Well, what iſt?
Wife. Here, take this key, thou know'ſt where all things lie.
Put on thy Maiſters beſt apparell, Gowne,
Chaine, Cap, Ruffe, euery thing, be like himſelfe,
And 'gainſt his comming home, walke in the ſhop,
Fayne the ſame carriage, and his patient looke,
'Twill breed but a ieſt thou know'ſt, ſpeake, wilt thou?
Geor. 'Twill wrong my maiſters patience.

Wife. Prythee *George.* *Geor.* Well, if you'le ſaue mee harmleſſe, and put mee vnder couert barne, I am content to pleaſe you, prouided it may breed no wrong againſt him.

Wife. No wrong at all: heere take the Key be gone:
If any vex him, this: if not this, none. *Exeunt.*

SCENA. 8.

Enter a Bawd, and Roger.

Bawd. O *Roger, Roger,* where's your miſtres, where's your miſtris: there's the fineſt neateſt Gentleman at my houſe but newly come ouer: Oh where is ſhe, where is ſhe, where is ſhe?

Rog. My miſtris is abroad, but not amongſt 'em: my miſtris is not the whore now that you take her for.

Baw. How, is ſhe not a whore? do you go about to take away her good name, *Roger*? you are a fine Pandar indeed.

Ro. I tell you, *Madona Finger-locke*, I am not ſad for nothing, I ha not eaten one good meale this three and thirty daies: I had wont to get ſixteene pence by fetching a pottle of Hypocras: but now thoſe daies are paſt. We had as good doings, *Madona Finger-locke*, ſhe within dores and I without, as any poore yong couple in Millan.

Baw. Gods my life, and is ſhe chang'd now?

Rog. I ha loſt by her ſquemiſhneſſe, more then would haue builded twelue bawdy houſes.

Baw. And had ſhe no time to turne honeſt but now? what a vile woman is this? twenty pound a night, I'le be ſworne, *Rog.* in good gold and no ſiluer: why here was a time, if ſhe ſhould ha pickt out a time, it could not be better! gold enough ſtirring; choice of men, choice of haire, choice of beards, choice of legs, and choice of euery, euery, euery thing: it cannot ſink into my head, that ſhe ſhould be ſuch an Aſſe. *Roger*, I neuer beleeue it.

Rog. Here ſhe comes now. *Enter Bellafronte.*

Baw. O ſweet *Madona*, on with your looſe gowne, your felt and your fether, there's the ſweeteſt, propreſt, gallanteſt Gentleman at my houſe, hee ſmels all of Muske and Amber greece, his pocket full of crownes, flame-coloured doublet, red ſatin hoſe, Carnation ſilke ſtockings, and a legge and a body, oh!

Bell.

Bell. Hence, thou our ſexes monſter, poyſonous Bawd,
Lufts Factor, and damnations Orator,
Goſſip of hell: were all Harlots ſinnes
Which the whole world containes, numbred together,
Thine farre exceeds them all: of all the creatures
That euer were created, thou art baſeſt.
What ſerpent would beguile thee of thy office?
It is deteſtable: for thou liu'ſt
Vpon the dregs of Harlots, guard'ſt the dore,
Whilſt couples go to dauncing: O courſe deuill!
Thou art the baſtards curſe, thou brandſt his birth,
The lechers French diſeaſe; for thou dry-ſuckſt him:
The Harlots poyſon, and thine owne confuſion.

Baw. Mary come vp with a pox, haue you no body to raile againſt, but your Bawd now?

Bell. And you, knaue Pandar, kinſman to a Bawd.

Rog. You and I *Madona*, are Cozens.

Bell. Of the ſame bloud and making, neere allyed,
Thou, that ſlaue to ſix-pence, baſe-mettal'd villaine.

Rog. Sixpence? nay that's not ſo; I neuer took vnder two ſhillings foure-pence, I hope I know my fee.

Bell. I know not againſt which moſt to inueigh:
For both of you are damn'd ſo equally.
Thou neuer ſpar'ſt for oathes, ſwear'ſt any thing,
As if thy ſoule were made of ſhoe-leather.
God dam me, Gentlemen, if ſhe be within,
When in the next roome ſhe's found dallying.

Rog. If it be my vocation to ſweare, euery man in his vocation: I hope my betters ſwear and dam themſelues, and why ſhould not I? *Bell. Roger*, you cheate kind Gentlemen.

Rog. The more guls they.

Bell. Slaue, I caſheere thee.

Baw. And you do caſheere him, he ſhall be entertain'd.

Rog. Shal I? then blurt a your ſeruice.

Bell. As hell would haue it, entertain'd by you!
I dare the deuill himſelfe to match thoſe two. *Exit.*

Baw. Mary gup, are you growne ſo holy, ſo pure, ſo honeſt with a pox?

Rog. Scuruy honest Punck! but stay *Madona*, how must our agreement bee now? for you know I am to haue all the commings in at the hall dore, and you at the chamber dore.

Ba. True *Rog.* except my vailes. *Rog.* Vailes, what vailes?

Ba. Why as thus, if a couple come in a Coach, and light to lie downe alittle, then *Roger* that's my fee, and you may walke abroad; for the Coach-man himselfe is their Pandar.

Ro. Is a so? intruth I haue almost forgot, for want of exercise: But how if I fetch this Citizens wife to that Gull, and that *Madona* to that Gallant, how then?

Ba. Why then, *Roger*, you are to haue sixpence a lane, so many lanes, so many sixe-pences.

Ro. Ist so? then I see we two shall agree and liue together.

Ba. I *Roger*, so long as there be any Tauernes and bawdy houses in Millain. *Exeunt.*

SCENA 9.

Enter Bellafronte *with a Lute, pen, inke, and paper being placed before her.*

Song.

THe Courtiers flattering Iewels,
(Temptations onely fuels)
The Lawyers ill-got monies,
That suck vp poore Bees Honyes:
The Citizens sonne's ryot,
The gallant costly dyet:
Silks and Veluets, Pearles, and Ambers,
Shall not draw me to their Chambers. Shee writes.
Silks and Veluets, &c.

Oh, 'tis in vaine to write: it will not please,
Inke on this paper would ha but presented
The foule black spots that stick vpon my soule,
And rather make me loathsomer, then wrought
My loues impression in *Hipolitoes* thought.
No, I must turne the chaste leaues of my brest,
And pick out some sweet means to breed my rest.
Hipolito, beleeue me I will be,
As true vnto thy heart, as thy heart to thee,

And

And hate all men, their gifts and company.

Enter *Matheo, Caſtruchio, Fluello, Piorato.*

Mat. You, goody Puncke, *ſubaudi* Cockatrice, O yare a ſweete whore of your promiſe, are you not thinke you? how well you came to ſupper to vs laſt night: mew, a whoore and breake her word! nay you may bluſh, and hold downe your head at it well enough: Sfoot, aske theſe Gallants if we ſtaid not till we were as hungry as Sergeants.

Flu. I, and their Yeomen too.

Caſtr. Nay faith *Acquaintance*, let me tell you, you forgat your ſelfe too much: we had excellent cheare, rare Vintage, and were drunke after ſupper.

Pior. And when wee were in our Woodcockes (ſweete Rogue) a brace of Gulles, dwelling heere in the Citty, came in, and paid all the ſhot. *Mat.* Pox on her, let her alone.

Bell. O, I pray doe, if you be Gentlemen:
I pray depart the houſe; beſhrew the doore
For being ſo eaſily intreated: faith
I lent but little eare vnto your talke,
My minde was buſied otherwiſe in troth,
And ſo your words did vnregarded paſſe:
Let this ſuffice, I am not as I was.

Flu. I am not what I was! no I'le be ſwotne thou art not: for thou wert honeſt at fiue, and now th'art a Puncke at fifteene: thou wert yeſterday a ſimple whore, and now th'art a cunning Conny-catching baggage to day.

Bell. I'le ſay Ime worſe, I pray forſake me then,
I doe deſire you leaue me, Gentlemen,
And leaue your ſelues: O be not what you are,
(Spend-thrifts of ſoule and body)
Let me perſwade you to forſake all Harlots,
Worſe then the deadlieſt poyſons, they are worſe:
For o're their ſoules hangs an eternall curſe,
In being ſlaues to ſlaues, their labours periſh,
Th'are ſeldome bleſt with fruit; for ere it bloſſoms,
Many a worme confounds it.
They haue no iſſue but foule vgly ones,
That run along with them, e'ne to their graues:

For ſtead of children, they breed ranke diſeaſes,
And all you Gallants can beſtow on them,
Is that French Infant, which ne'r acts, but ſpeakes:
What ſhallow ſonne and heire then, fooliſh gallant,
Would waſte all his inheritance, to purchaſe
A filthy loath'd diſeaſe? and pawne his body
To a dry euill: that vſurie's worſt of all,
When th'Intereſt will eate out the Principall.

Mat. Sfoot, ſhe gulles em the beſt: this is alwayes her faſhion, when ſhe would be rid of any company that ſhee cares not for, to enioy mine alone.

Flu. Whats heere, Inſtructions, Admonitions, and Caueats? Come out you ſcabbard of Vengeance.

Mat. Fluello, ſpurne your hounds when they foiſte, you ſhall not ſpurne my Puncke, I can tell you my bloud is vext.

Flu. Pox a your bloud: make it a quarrell.

Mat. Y'are a ſlaue, will that ſerue turne?

Omnes Sbloud, hold, hold.

Caſt. Mathao, Fluello, for ſhame put vp.

Bell. O how many thus mou'd with follie, haue let out their ſoules in brothell houſes, fell downe and died iuſt at their harlots foote, as 'twere in pride.

Flu. Mathao, we ſhall meet.

Mat. I, I, any where, ſauing at Church:
Pray take heede we meet not there.

Flu. Adue Damnation.

Caſtr. Cockatrice, farewell.

Pia. There's more deceit in women, then in hell. *Exeunt.*

Mat. Ha, ha, thou doeſt gull em ſo rarely, ſo naturally: if I did not thinke thou hadſt beene in earneſt: thou art a ſweete Rogue for't yfaith.

Bell. Why are not you gone too, ſignior *Mathao*?
I pray depart my houſe: you may beleeue me,
In troth I haue no part of harlot in me.

Mat. How is this?

Bell. Indeede I loue you not: but hate you worſe
Then any man, becauſe you were the firſt
Gaue mony for my ſoule: you brake the Ice,

Which

Which after turnd a puddle: I was led
By your temptation to be miſerable:
I pray ſeeke out ſome other that will fall,
Or rather, I pray ſeeke out none at all.

Mat. Is't poſſible to be impoſſible! an honeſt whoore! I haue heard many honeſt Wenches turne Strumpets with a wet finger, but for a Harlot to turne honeſt, is one of *Hercules* Labours. It was more eaſie for him in one night to make fifty queanes, then to make one of them honeſt againe in fiftie yeares:
Come, I hope thou doſt but jeſt.

Bell. Tis time to leaue off jeſting,
I had almoſt jeſted away my ſaluation:
I ſhall loue you, if you will ſoone forſake me.

Mat. God bwith thee.

Bell. O, tempt no more women:
Shunne their weighty curſe,
Women (at beſt) are bad, make em not worſe:
You gladly ſeeke our Sexes ouerthrow:
But not to raiſe our States for all your wrongs,
Will you vouchſafe mee but due recompence,
To marry with me?

Mat. How! marry with a Puncke, a Cockatrice, a Harlot? mary foh, I'le be burnt thorow the noſe firſt.

Bell. Why la?
Theſe are your othes: you loue to vndoe vs,
To put heauen from vs, while our beſt houres waſte:
You loue to make vs lewd, but neuer chaſte.

Mat. Ile heare no more of this: this ground vpon,
Th'art damn'd for altring thy religion. *Exit.*

Bell. Thy Luſt and Sinne ſpeake ſo much!
Goe thou my ruine, the firſt fall my ſoule tooke;
By mine example I hope few maidens now
Will put their heads vnder mens girdles:
Who leaſt truſts, is moſt wiſe:
Mens othes doe caſt a miſt before our eyes.
My beſt of wit, be ready, now I goe,
By ſome deuice to greet *Hipolito*.

SCENA

SCENA 10.

Enter a ſeruant ſetting out a Table, on which he places a Scull, a Picture, a Booke, and a Taper.

Ser. So, this is Monday morning, and now muſt I to my huſwifry: would I had beene created a Shoomaker, for all the Gentle-craft are Gentlemen euery Monday by their Coppie, and ſcorne (then) to worke one true ſtitch. My maſter means ſure to turne me into a ſtudent, for heere's my Booke, heere my Deske, heere my Light, this my cloſe chamber, and heere my Puncke: ſo that this dull drowſie firſt day of the weeke, makes mee halfe a Prieſt, halfe a Chaundler, halfe a Painter, halfe a Sexton, I and halfe a Bawd: for all this day my office is to doe nothing but to keepe the doore. To proue it, look you, this good face and yonder gentleman (ſo ſoone as euer my backe is turnd) will be naught together. *Enter Hipolito.*

Hip. Are all the windows ſhut? *Ser.* Cloſe ſir, as the fiſt of a Courtier that hath ſtood in three reignes.

Hip. Thou art a faithfull ſeruant, and obſeru'ſt
The Kalender, both of my ſolemne vowes,
And ceremonious ſorrow: Get thee gone,
I charge thee on thy life, let not the ſound
Of any womans voyce pierce through that doore.

Ser. If they doe (my Lord) Ile pearce ſome of them:
What will your Lordſhip haue to breakefaſt?

Hip. Sighs. *Ser.* What to dinner? *Hip.* Teares.

Ser. The one of them (my Lord) will fill you too full of wind, the other wet you too much. What to ſupper?

Hip. That which now thou canſt not get me, the conſtancie of a woman.

Ser. Indeed thats harder to come by then euer was Oſtend.

Hip. Pre thee away.

Ser. Ile make away my ſelfe preſently, which few ſeruants will doe for their Lords; but rather helpe to make them away: Now to my doore-keeping, I hope to picke ſomething out of it. *Exit.*

Hip. My *Infelices* face, her brow, her eie,
The dimple on her cheeke: and ſuch ſweete skill,

Hath

Hath from the cunning workmans pencill flowne,
These lippes looke fresh and liuely as her owne,
Seeming to moue and speake. Las!now I see,
The reason why fond women loue to buy
Adulterate complexion: here 'tis read,
False coulours last after the true be dead.
Of all the Roses grafted on her cheekes,
Of all the graces dauncing in her eyes,
Of all the Musick set vpon her tongue,
Of all that was past womans excellence,
In her white bosome;look! a painted boord,
Circumscribes all: Earth can no blisse affoord.
Nothing of her but this? this cannot speake,
It has no lip for me to rest vpon,
No lip worth tasting: here the wormes will feed,
As in her coffin:hence then idle Art,
True loue's best pictur'd in a true-loues heart.
Here art thou drawn sweet maid,till this be dead,
So that thou liu'st twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend,lie there. What's here?
Perhaps this shrew'd pate was mine enemies:
Las! say it were: I need not feare him now:
For all his braues, his contumelious breath,
His frownes(tho dagger-pointed)all his plot,
(Tho 'nere so mischiuous) his Italian pilles,
His quarrels, and (that common sence) his law,
See, see, they're all eaten out; here's not left one:
How cleane they're pickt away! to the bare bone!
How mad are mortals then to reare great names
On tops of swelling houses? or to weare out
Their fingers ends(in durt)to scrape vp gold!
Not caring so (that sumpter-horse) the backe
Be hung with gawdy trappings,with what course
Yea rags most beggarly, they cloath the soule:
Yet(after all) their *Gay-nesse* lookes thus foule.
What fooles are men to build a garish tombe,
Onely to saue the carcase whilst it rots,
To maintain't long in stinking,make good carion,

But leaue no good deeds to preserue them sound,
For good deeds keep men sweet, long aboue ground,
And must all come to this; fooles, wise, all hither,
Must all heads thus at last be laid together:
Draw me my picture then, thou graue neate workeman,
After this fashion, not like this; these coulours
In time kissing but aire, will be kist off,
But here's a fellow; that which he layes on,
Till doomes day alters not complexion:
Death's the best Painter then: They that draw shapes,
And liue by wicked faces, are but Gods Apes.
They come hut neere the life, and there they stay,
This fellow drawes life too: his Art is fuller,
The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Enter his seruant.

Ser. Her's a person would speak with you Sir.

Hip. Hah!

Ser. A Parson, sir, would speake with you.

Hip. Vicar?

Ser. Vicar? no sir, has too good a face to be a Vicar yet, a youth, a very youth.

Hip. What youth? of man or woman? lock the dores.

Ser. If it be a woman, mary-bones and Potato pies keepe me for medling with her, for the thing has got the breeches, 'tis a male-varlet sure my Lord, for a womans tayler ne're measur'd him.

Hip. Let him giue thee his message and be gone.

Ser. Hee sayes hee's Signior *Mitheoes* man, but I know he lies.

Hip. How dost thou know it?

Ser. Cause has nere a beard: 'tis his boy I thinke, sir, who-e're paid for his nursing.

Hip. Send him and keep the dore. *Reades.*

Fata si liceat mihi,
Fingere arbitrio mea,
Temperem Zephyro leui vela.

I de saile were I to choose, not in the Ocean,

Cedars are ſhaken, when ſhrubs do feele no bruize.

Enter Bellafront like a Page.

How? from *Matheo*?

Bell. Yes my Lord.

Hip. Art ſick?

Bell. Not all in health my Lord.

Hip. Keep off.

Bell. I do:

Hard fate when women are compeld to wooe.

Hip. This paper does ſpeake nothing.

Bell. Yes my Lord,

Matter of life it ſpeakes, and therefore writ
In hidden character, to me inſtruction
My Maiſter giues, and (leſſe you pleaſe to ſtay
Till you both meet) I can the text diſplay.

Hip. Do ſo; read out.

Bell. I am already out:

Looke on my face, and read the ſtrangeſt ſtory!

Hip. What villaine, ho? *Enter his ſeruant.*

Ser. Call you my Lord?

Hip. Thou ſlaue, thou haſt let in the deuill.

Ser. Lord bleſſe vs, where? hee's not clouen my Lord that I can ſee: beſides, the deuill goes more like a Gentleman then a Page. good my Lord *Beare courage.*

Hip. Thou haſt let in a woman, in mans ſhape.
And thou art damn'd for't.

Ser. Not damn'd I hope for putting in a woman to a Lord.

Hip. Fetch me my rapier, --do not: I ſhall kill thee.
Purge this infected chamber of that plague,
That runnes vpon me thus: Slaue, thruſt her hence.

Ser. Alas my Lord, I ſhall neuer be able to thruſt her hence without helpe: come Mer-maid you muſt to Sea againe.

Bell. Here me but ſpeake, my words ſhall be all Muſick:
Here me but ſpeake.

Hip. Another beates the dore,
T'other Shee-deuill, look.

Ser. Way then hel's broke looſe. *Exit.*

Hip. Horace, guard the chamber: let no more come in,

One woman ſerues for man's damnation,
Beſhrew thee, thou doſt make me violate,
The chaſteſt and moſt ſanctimonious vow,
That e're was entred in the court of heauen:
I was on meditations ſpo tleſſe wings,
Vpon my iourney thither; like a ſtorme
Thou beatſt my ripened cogitations,
Flat to the ground: and like a theife doſt ſtand,
To ſteale deuotion from the holy land.

Bell. If woman were thy mother; if thy heart,
Be not all Marble (or if 't Marble be)
Let my teares ſoften it, to pitty me,
I do beſeech thee do not thus with ſcorne,
Deſtroy a woman.

Hip. Woman I beſeech thee,
Get thee ſome other ſuite, this fits thee not:
I would not grant it to a kneeling Queene,
I cannot loue thee, nor I muſt not: See,
The copy of that obligation,
Where my ſoule's bound in heauy penalties.

Bell. She's dead you told me, ſhe'le let fall her ſuite.

Hip. My vowes to her, fled after her to heauen,
Were thine eyes cleere as mine, thou mightſt behold her,
Watching vpon yon battlement of Starres,
How I obſerue them: ſhould I breake my bond,
This boord would riue in twaine, theſe wooden lippes
Call me moſt periur'd villaine, let it ſuffice,
I ha ſet thee in thy path; Iſt not a ſigne
I loue thee, when with one ſo moſt deere,
I'le haue thee fellowes? All are fellowes there.

Bell. Be greater then a King, ſaue not a body,
But from eternall ſhipwrack keep a ſoule,
If not, and that againe, ſinnes path I tread,
The griefe be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.

Hip. Stay and take Phyſick for it, read this book,
Aske counſell of this head what's to be done,
He'le ſtrike it dead that 'tis damnation,
If you turne Turke again, oh do it not.

Tho heauen cannot allure you to doe well,
From doing ill let hell fright you: and learne this,
The ſoule whoſe boſome Luſt did neuer touch,
Is Gods faire Bride, and maidens ſoules are ſuch:
The ſoule that leauing Chaſtities white ſhore,
Swims in hot ſenſuall ſtreames, is the diuells whore.
How now, who comes? *Enter his ſeruant.*

Ser. No more knaues my Lord that weare ſmockes: heeres a Letter from Doctor *Benedict*: I would not enter his man, tho hee had haires at his mouth, for feare he ſhould be a woman, for ſome women haue beards, mary they are halfe witches. Slid you are a ſweet youth to weare a cod-peece, and haue no pins to ſticke vpon it.

Hip. I'le meet the Doctor, tell him, yet to night I cannot:
But at morrow riſing Sonne I will not faile:
Goe woman, fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

Bell. The loweſt fall can be but into hell:
It does not moue him, I muſt therefore fly
From this vndoing Cittie, and with teares
Waſh off all anger from my fathers brow,
He cannot ſinne but ioy, ſeeing me new borne,
A woman honeſt firſt, and then turne whore,
Is (as with me) common to thouſands more:
But from a ſtrumpet to turne chaſte, that ſound
Hath oftbeene heard, that woman hardly found. *Exit.*

SCENE. *Enter Fuſtigo, Crambo, and Poll.*

Fu. Hold vp your hands gentlemen, here's one, two, three: (nay I warrant they are ſound Piſtolls, and without flawes, I had em of my ſiſter (and I know ſhe vſes to put nothing that's cracke) foure, fiue, ſixe, ſeauen, eight and nine, by this hand bring me but a peece of his bloud, and you ſhall haue nine more: I'le lurke in a Tauerne not farre off, and prouide ſupper to cloſe vp the end of the Tragedy: the Linnen-Drapers remember, ſtand to't, I beſeech you, and play your parts perfitly.

Cra. Looke you ſignior, tis not your gold that we weigh.

Fuſt. Nay, nay, weigh it and ſpare not, if it lacke one graine of corne, I'le giue you a buſhell of wheate to make it vp.

Cram. But by your fauour ſignior, which of the ſeruants

is it, becauſe wee'l puniſh iuſtly.

Fuſti. Mary 'tis the head man, you ſhall taſte him by his tongue, a pretty tall prating fellow, with a Tuſcalonian beard.

Poli. Tuſcalonian! very good.

Fuſt. Cods life, I was ne'r ſo thrumbed ſince I was a Gentleman: my coxcombe was dry beaten, as if my haire had bin hemp.

Cram. Wee'l dry beate ſome of them.

Fuſt. Nay, it grew ſo high, that my ſiſter cryed out murder, very manfully: I haue her conſent (in a manner) to haue him pepperd: elſe I'le not doo't, to winne more then ten cheaters do at a rifling: breake but his pate, or ſo, onely his mazer, becauſe I le haue his head in a cloth as well as mine, hee's a Linnen Draper, and may take enough. I could enter mine Action of Battery againſt him, but we may perhaps be both dead and rotten before the Lawyers would end it.

Cram. No more to doe, but inskonce your ſelfe 'ith Tauerne, prouide no great cheare, a couple of Capons, ſome Feſants, Plouers, an Oringeado-pie, or ſo: but how bloudy ſoe'r the day be, ſally you not forth.

Fuſt. No, no, nay if I ſtirre, ſome body ſhall ſtinke: I'le not budge: I'le lie like a dogge in a manger.

Cram. Wel, wel, to the Tauerne, let not our ſupper be raw, for you ſhall haue bloud enough, your belly full.

Fuſt. That's al, ſo god ſa me, I thirſt after, bloud for bloud, bump for bump, noſe for noſe, head for head, plaiſter for plaiſter, and ſo farewell: what ſhall I call your names becauſe I'le leaue word, if any ſuch come to the Barre?

Cram. My name is Corporall *Crambo.*

Poli. And mine, Lieutenant *Poli.* *Exeunt.*

Cram. Poli is as tall a man as euer opened Oiſter: I would not be the Diuell to meete *Poli*, Farewell.

Fuſt. Nor I, by this light, if *Poli* be ſuch a *Poli.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Candidoes wife in her Shop, and the two Prentiſes.

Wife. What's a clocke now?

2. *Pren.* Tis almoſt twelue.

Wife.

Wife. That's well,
The Senate will leaue wording presently:
But is *George* ready?

2. *Pren.* Yes forsooth, hee's furbusht.

Wife. Now as you euer hope to win my fauor,
Throw both your duties and respects on him,
With the like awe as if he were your maister,
Let not your lookes betray it with a smile,
Or leering glaunce to any Customer,
Keepe a true setled countenance; and beware
You laugh not whatsoe'r you heare or see.

2. *Pren.* I warrant you mistris, let vs alone for keeping our countenance: for if I list, there's not a foole in all *Milaine* shal make me laugh, let him play the foole ne'r so like an asse, whether it be the fat Court foole, or the leane Cittie foole.

Wife. Enough then, call downe *George*.

2. *Pren.* I heare him comming.

Enter George.

Wife. Be ready with your legs then, let me see
How curtsie would become him: gallantly!
Beshrew my bloud, a proper seemely man,
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port.

Geo. I thanke you Mistris,
My back's broad enough, now my Masters gown's on.

Wi. Sure, I should think twere the least of sin,
To mistake the Maister, and let him in.

Geo. Twere a good Comedy of Errors ifaith.

2. *Pren.* Whist, whist, my Maister.

Enter Candido, and Exit presently.

Wife. You all know your tasks: Gods my life!
Whats that he haz got on's backe? who can tell?

Geo. That can I, but I will not.

Wife. Girt about him like a mad-man,
What, haz he lost his cloake too?
This is the maddest fashion that ere I saw.
What said he *George* when he passed by thee?

George

Geor. Troth mistris nothing: not so much as a Bee, he did not hum: not so much as a bawd, he did not hem: not so much as a Cuckold, he did not ha: neither hum, hem, nor ha, onely stared me in the face, passed along, and made haste in, as if my lookes had wrought with him, to giue him a stoole.

Wi. Sure hee's vext now, this trick haz mou'd his spleene,
Hee's angerd now, because he vttred nothing:
And wordlesse wrath breakes out more violent,
May be hee'le striue for place, when he comes downe:
But if thou loues't me *George*, afford him none.

Geo. Nay, let me alone to play my masters prize, as long as my mistris warrants me: I am sure I haue his best clothes on, and I scorne to giue place to any that is inferiour in apparrell to me, that's an Axiome, a Principle, and is obseru'd as much as the fashion; let that perswade you then, that I'le shoulder with him for the vpper hand in the shop, as long as this chaine will maintaine it.

Wife. Spoke with the spirit of a Maister, though with the tongue of a Prentise.

Enter Candido *like a Prentise.*

Why how now mad-man, what in your tricke si-coats?

Cand. O peace good mistris.

Enter Crambo *and* Poli.

See what you lacke, what is't you buy? pure Callicoes, fine Hollands, choise Cambrickes, neate Lawnes: see what you buy: pray come neare, my maister will vse you well, hee can afford you a penny-worth.

Wife. I that he can, out of a whole peece of Lawne i faith.

Cand. Pray see your choice heere Gentlemen.

Wife. O fine foole! what, a mad-man! a patient madman! who euer heard of the like? Well sir, I'le fit you and your humour presently: what, crosse points! I'le vnty em all in a trice, I'le vex you i faith: boy, take your cloke, quick, come. *Exit.*

Cand. Be couered *George*, this Chaine and welted Gowne, bare to this coate: then the world's vpside downe.

George. Vmh, Vmh, hum.

Cram. That's the shop, and there's the fellow.

Poli. I but the maister is walking in there.

Cram.

Cram. No matter, wee'l in.

Poli. Sbloud, doſt long to lie in Limbo?

Cram. And Limbo be in hell, I care not.

Cand. Looke you, heere's choice Cambrickes.

Cram. No ſir, ſome ſhirting.

Cand. You ſhall.

Cram. Haue you none of this ſtrip'd Canuas for doublets?

Cand. None ſtrip'd ſir, but plaine.

2. *Pren.* I thinke there be one peece ſtrip'd within.

Geo. Step ſirra and fetch it, hum, hum, hum.

Cand. Looke you gentlemen, I'le make but one ſpreading, here's a peece of cloth, fine, yet ſhall weare like yron, tis without fault, take this vpon my word, tis without fault.

Cram. Then tis better then you ſirra.

Cand. I, and a number more, O that each ſoule
Were but as ſpotleſſe as this innocent white,
And had as few brackes in it.

Cram. Twould haue ſome then:
There was a fray heere laſt day in this ſhop.

Cand. There was indeede, a little flea-biting.

Poli. A Gentleman had his pate broke:
Call you that but a flea-biting?

Cand. He had ſo.

Cram. Zownes do you ſtand to it? *He ſtrikes him.*

Geo. Sfoot, clubs, clubs, prentiſes, downe with em,
Ah you rogues, ſtrike a Citizen in's ſhop?

Can. None of you ſtirre I pray, forbeare good *George.*

Cram. I beſeech you ſir, we miſtooke our markes, deliuer vs our weapons.

George. Your head bleeds ſir, cry clubs.

Cand. I ſay you ſhall not, pray be patient,
Giue them their weapons: ſirs, y'are beſt be gone,
I tel you here are boyes more tough then Beares:
Hence, leſt more fiſts do walke about your eares,

Both. We thanke you ſir. *Exeunt.*

Cand. You ſhall not follow them:
Let them alone pray, this did me no harme,
Troth I was cold, and the blow made me warme,

I thanke em for't: beſides, I had decreed
To haue a veine prickt, I did meane to bleede:
So that there's mony ſau'd: they are honeſt men,
Pray vſe 'em well, when they appeare agen.

George. Yes ſir, wee'l vſe 'em like honeſt men.

Cand. I, well ſaid *George*, like honeſt men, tho they be arrant knaues, for that's the praiſe of the Citty; helpe to lay vp theſe wares.

Enter his wife with Officers.

Wife. Yonder he ſtands.

Off. What in a Prentices coate?

Wife. I, I, mad, mad, pray take heede.

Cand. How now! what news with them?
What make they with my wife?
Officers, is ſhe attach'd? Looke to your wares.

Wife. He talks to himſelfe: hee's much gone indeede.

Off. Pray plucke vp a good heart, be not ſo fearefull:
Sirs hearke, wee'l gather to him by degrees.

Wife. I, I, by degrees I pray: Oh me!
What makes he with the Lawne in his hand?
Hee'l teare all the ware in my ſhop.

Off. Feare not, wee'l catch him on a ſodaine.

Wife. You had need do ſo, pray take heed of your warrant

Off. I warrant miſtris: Now ſignior *Candido.*

Cand. Now ſir, what news with you?

Wife. What news with you he ſaies? Oh hee's far gone!

Off. I pray feare nothing, let's alone with him,
Signior, you looke not like your ſelfe me thinkes,
Steale you a tother ſide, y'are chang'd, y'are altred.

Cand. Chang'd ſir, why true ſir, is change ſtrange, tis not the faſhion vnleſſe it alter. Monarkes turne to beggars, beggars creepe into the neſts of Princes, maſters ſerue their Prentices, Ladies their ſeruing-men, men turne to women.

Off. And women turne to men.

Can. I, and women turne to men, you ſay true, ha, ha, a mad world, a mad world.

Off. Haue we caught you ſir?

Cand. Caught me! well, well, you haue caught mee.

Wife.

Wife. He laughs in your faces.

George. A reſcue(prentiſes)my maſters catch-pol'd.

Off. I charge you keepe the peace, or haue your legs gartered with yrons, we haue from the Duke a warrant ſtrong enough for what we doe.

Cand. I pray reſt quiet,I deſire no reſcue.

Wife. La, he deſires no reſcue,las poore heart,
He talkes againſt himſelfe.

Cand. Well,what's the matter?

Off. Looke to that arme,
Pray make ſure worke, double the cord.

Cand. Why,why?

Wi. See how's head goes,ſhould he get looſe,
Twere as much as all our liues were worth.

Off. Feare not,wee'l make all ſure for our owne ſafetie.

Cand. Are you at leiſure now?well,what's the matter?
Why doe I enter into bonds thus?ha!

Off. Becauſe y'are mad, put feare vpon your wife.

Wife. O I,I went in danger of my life euery minute.

Cand. What,am I mad ſay you,and I not know it?

Off. That proues you mad, becauſe you know it not.

Wife. Pray talke to him as little as you can,
You ſee hee's too farre ſpent,

Cand. Bound with ſtrong cord,
A ſiſters threed yfaith had beene enough,
To leade me any where: wife, doe you long?
You are mad too,or elſe you doe me wrong.

George. But are you mad indeed maiſter?

Cand. My wife ſaies ſo,
And what ſhe ſaies *George*, is all truth you know:
And whither now, to Bethlem monaſtery, ha! whither?

Off. Faith ee'n to the mad-mens pownd.

Can. A Gods name,ſtill I feele my patience ſound. *Exit.*

Ge. Come,we'l ſee whither he goes, if the maſter be mad, we are his ſeruants,and muſt follow his ſteppes,wee'l be mad-caps too:farewel miſtris,you ſhal haue vs all in Bedlem. *Exeũt*

Wife. I thinke I haue fitted you now, you and your cloths,
If this moue not his patience,nothing can,

I'le ſweare then I haue a Saint, and not a man *Exit.*

SCENA XIII.

Enter Duke, Doctor, Fluello, Caſtruchio, Pioratto.

Du. Giue vs alittle leaue; Doctor, your news.

Doct. I ſent for him my Lord, at laſt hee came,
And did receiue all ſpeech that went from me,
As gilded pilles made to prolong his health:
My credit with him wrought it: for ſome men
Swallow euen empty hooks, like fooles that feare
No drowning where tis deepeſt, cauſe tis cleare:
In th'end we ſate and eate: a health I dranke
To *Infelices* ſweete departed ſoule,
This traine I knew would take.

Du. Twas excellent.

Doct. He fell with ſuch deuotion on's knees
To pledge the ſame.

Duke Fond ſuperſtitious foole!

Doct. That had he been inflam'd with zeale of prayer,
He could not poure't out with more reuerence:
About my necke he hung, wept on my cheeke,
Kiſt it, and ſwore he would adore my lippes,
Becauſe they brought forth *Infelices* name.

Duke Ha, ha, alacke, alacke.

Doct. The Cup he lifts vp hie, and thus he ſaid,
Heere noble maid: drinks, and was poiſoned.

Duke And died?

Doct. And died, my Lord.

Duke Thou in that word haſt peec'd
Mine aged houres out with more yeares,
Than thou haſt taken from *Hipolito*.
A noble youth he was, but leſſer branches
Hindring the greaters growth, muſt be lopt off,
And feede the fire: Doctor w'are now all thine,
And vſe vs ſo: be bold.

Doct. Thankes gracious Lord:
My honored Lord:

Duke Hum,

Doct.

Doct. I do beſeech your Grace to bury deepe,
This bloudy act of mine.
Duke Nay, nay, for that,
Doctor, looke you too't: mee it ſhall not moue,
The'yre curſt that ill do, not that ill doe loue.
Do. You throw an angry forehead on my face:
But be you pleas'd backeward thus far to looke,
That for your good, this cuill I vndertooke.
Duke I, I, we conſter ſo:
Doct. And onely for your loue.
Duke Confeſt: tis true.
Doct. Nor let it ſtand againſt me as a barre,
To thruſt me from your preſence: nor beleeue
(As Princes ha quick thoghts) that now my finger
Being dipt in bloud, I will not ſpare the hand,
But that for gold (as what can gold not do?)
I may be hir'd to worke the like on you.
Duke Which to preuent.
Doct. Tis from my heart as farre.
Du. No matter doctor, cauſe Ile feareles ſleep,
And that you ſhall ſtand cleare of that ſuſpition,
I baniſh thee for euer from my Court.
This principle is olde, but true as Fate,
Kings may loue treaſon, but the traitor hate. *Exit*
Do. Iſt ſo? nay then Duke, your ſtale principle,
With one as ſtale, the Doctor thus ſhall quit,
He falls himſelfe that digs anothers pit:
How now! where is he? will he meet me?

Enter the Doctors man.

Doctors man. Meet you ſir, hee might haue met with three Fencers in this time, and haue receiued leſſe hurt then by meeting one Doctor of Phiſicke: why ſir, he haz walkt vnder the olde Abbey wall yonder this houre, till hee's more cold then a Cittizens countrey houſe in Ianiuere, you may ſmell him behinde ſir: la you, yonder he comes.
Doct. Leaue me. *Enter Hipolito.*
Doctors man. Itch lurch if you will, *Exit.*
Doctor. O my moſt noble friend!

Hip. Few but your ſelfe,
Could haue intic'd me thus: to truſt the Aire
With my cloſe ſighs: you ſent for me, what news?
Doct. Come, you muſt doff this blacke, die that pale cheek
Into his owne colour, goe, attire your ſelfe
Freſh as a Bridegroome when he meets his Bride,
The Duke haz done much treaſon to thy Loue,
Tis now reueal'd, tis now to be reueng'd:
Be merry, honour'd friend, thy Lady liues.
Hip. What Lady?
Doct. *Infelice*, Shee's reuiu'd,
Reuiu'd: alacke! Death neuer had the heart,
To take breath from her.
Hip. Vmh: I thanke you ſir,
Phiſicke prolongs life, when it cannot ſaue:
This helpes not my hopes, mine are in their graue,
You doe ſome wrong to mocke me.
Doct. By that loue
Which I haue euer borne you, what I ſpeake,
Is truth: the maiden liues, that funerall,
Dukes teares, the mourning was all counterfet:
A ſleepie draught coſned the world and you:
I was his miniſter, and then chambred vp,
To ſtop diſcouery.
Hip. O treacherous Duke!
Doct. He can not hope ſo certainely for bliſſe,
As he beleeues that I haue poiſon'd [illegible] you:
He woo'd me too't, I yeelded, and confirm'd him
In his moſt bloudy thoughts.
Hip. A very diuell!
Doct. Her did hee cloſely coach to Bergamo,
And thither
Hip. Will I ride, ſtood Bergamo
In the Low Countries of blacke hell, I'le to her.
Doct. You ſhall to her, but not to Bergamo:
How Paſſon makes you flie beyond your ſelfe:
Much of that weary iourney I ha cut off,
For ſhe by Letters hath intelligence,

Of your ſuppoſed death, her owne interrement,
And all thoſe plots, which that falſe Duke her father
Haz wrought againſt you: and ſhee'l meete you.
Hip. O when!
Doct. Nay ſee: how couetous are your deſires,
Earely to morrow morne.
Hipol. O where good father?
Doct. At Bethlem monaſterie: are you pleas'd now?
Hipol. At Bethlem monaſterie! the place well fits,
It is the ſchoole where thoſe that looſe their wits,
Practiſe againe to get them: I am ſicke
Of that diſeaſe, all Loue is lunatike.
Doct. Wee'l ſteale away this night in ſome diſguiſe:
Father *Anſelmo*, a moſt reuerend Frier,
Expectes our comming, before whom wee'l lay
Reaſons ſo ſtrong, that he ſhall yeeld in bonds
Of holy wedlocke to tie both your hands.
Hip. This is ſuch happineſſe,
That to beleeue it, tis impoſſible.
Doct. Let all your ioyes then die in misbeliefe,
I will reueale no more.
Hip. O yes good father,
I am ſo well acquainted with Deſpaire,
I know not how to hope: I beleeue all.
Doct. Wee'l hence this night, much muſt be done, much (ſaid:
But if the Doctor faile not in his charmes,
Your Lady ſhall ere morning fill theſe armes.
Hipol. Heauenly Phiſition! farre thy fame ſhall ſpread,
That makſt two Louers ſpeake when they be dead. *Exeunt.*

Candidoes wife, and George: Pioratto meets them.

Wife. O watch good *George*, watch which way the Duke commeth.
Geo. Heere comes one of the butter-flies, aske him.
Wife. Pray ſir, comes the Duke this way?
Pio. Hee's vpon comming miſtris. *Exit.*
Wife. I thanke you ſir; *George*, are there many mad folkes where thy maiſter lies?

George,

Geo. O yes, of all countries ſome, but ſpecially mad Greeks they ſwarme: troth miſtris, the world is altered with you, you had not wont to ſtād thus with a paper humbly complaining: but y'are well enough ſeru'd: prouender prickt you, as it does many of our Cittie-wiues beſides.

Wife. Doſt thinke *George* we ſhall get him forth?

George. Truly miſtris I cannot tel, I thinke you'l hardly get him forth: why tis ſtrange! Sfoote I ha knowne many women that ha had mad raſcalls to their husbands, whom they would belabour by al means poſſible to keepe em in their right wits, but of a woman to long to turne a tame man into a mad man, why the diuell himſelfe was neuer vſde ſo by his dam.

Wife. How does he talke *George*! ha! good *George* tell me.

George. Why y'are beſt goe ſee.

Wife. Alas, I am afraid.

George. Afraid! you had more need be aſham'd, he may rather be afraid of you.

Wife. But *George*, hee's not ſtarke mad, is he? hee does not raue, he is not horne-mad *George*, is he?

George. Nay I know not that, but he talkes like a Iuſtice of peace, of a thouſand matters, and to no purpoſe.

Wife. Ile to the Monaſterie: I ſhalbe mad til I enioy him, I ſhall be ſicke vntill I ſee him, yet when I doe ſee him, I ſhall weepe out mine eyes.

George. I, Ide faine ſee a woman weep out her eies, that's as true as to ſay, a mans cloake burnes, when it hangs in the water: I know you'l weepe miſtris, but what ſayes the painted cloth?

Truſt not a woman when ſhe cries,
For ſhee'l pump water from her eies:
With a wet finger, and in faſter ſhowers,
Then Aprill when he raines downe flowers.

Wife. I but *George*, that painted cloth is worthy to be hanged vp for lying, all women haue not tears at will, vnleſſe they haue good cauſe.

George. I but miſtris how eaſily will they finde a cauſe, and as one of our cheeſe-trenchers ſayes very learnedly:

As out of wormewood Bees ſucke Hony,
As from poore Clients Lawyers firke money.

As

As Parſley from a roſted cunny:
So,tho the day be ne'r ſo ſunny,
If wiues will haue it raine,downe then it drines,
The calmeſt husbands make the ſtormeſt wiues.

Wife. Tame *George*,but I ha done ſtorming now.

Geo. Why that's well done: good miſtris,throw aſide this faſhion of your humour, be not ſo fantaſticall in wearing it: ſtorme no more, long no more. This longing haz made you come ſhort of many a good thing that you might haue had from my maiſter: Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke, Fluello, Pioratto, Sinezi.

Wife. O I beſeech you pardon my offence,
In that I durſt abuſe your Graces Warrant,
Deliuer forth my husband,good my Lord.

Duke. Who is her husband?

Flu. Candido my Lord. *Duke.* Where is he?

Wife. Hee's among the lunatickes,
He was a man made vp without a gall,
Nothing could moue him,nothing could conuert
His meeke bloud into fury, yet like a monſter,
I often beate at the moſt conſtant rocke
Of his vnſhaken patience,and did long
To vex him. *Duke.* Did you ſo?

Wife. And for that purpoſe,
Had warrant from your Grace,to carry him to
Bethlem Monaſtery, whence thei'l not free him,
Without your Graces hand that ſent him in.

Du. You ha longd faire,tis you are mad I feare,
Its fit to fetch him thence,and keep you there:
If he be mad,why would you haue him forth?

Geo. And pleaſe your Grace, hee's not ſtarke mad,but only talkes like a yong Gentleman, ſomewhat fantaſtically, that's all: there's a thouſand about your Court,Citty,and Countrey madder then he.

Duke. Prouide a warrant, you ſhall haue our hand.

Geo. Here's a warrant ready drawne my Lord.

Duke Get pen and incke. *Enter Caſtruchio.*

Caſt. Where is my Lord the Duke?

Duke. How now! more mad men?

Caſt. I ha ſtrange news my Lord.
Duke. Of what? of whom?
Caſtr. Of *Infelice*, and a marriage.
Duke. Ha! where? with whom?
Caſt. Hipolito. *Geor.* Here my Lord.
Du. Hence with that woman, void the roome.
Flu. Away, the Duke's vext. *Exeunt.*
Geo. Whoop, come miſtris, the duk's mad too.
Duke. Who told me that *Hipolito* was dead?
Caſtr. He that can make any man dead, the doctor: but my Lord, hee's as full of life as wilde-fire, and as quicke: *Hipolito* the Doctor, and one more rid hence this euening; the Inne at which they light is Bethlem monaſtery: *Infelices* comes from *Bergamo*, and meetes them there: *Hipolito* is mad, for he means this day to be married, the after noone is the houre, and Frier *Anſelmo* is the knitter.
Du. From *Bergamo*? iſt poſſible? it cannot be.
Caſt. I will not ſweare my Lord,
But this intelligence I tooke from one,
Whoſe braines worke in the plot.
Duke. What's he? *Caſt. Mathao.*
Flu. Mathao knowes all.
Pior. Hee's *Hipolitoes* boſome.
Duke. How farre ſtands Bethlem hence?
Omnes. Six or ſeauen miles.
Du. Iſt ſo? not married till the afternoone:
Stay, ſtay, lets worke out ſome preuention: how!
This is moſt ſtrange, can noue but mad-men ſerue
To dreſſe their wedding dinner? all of you
Get preſently to horſe, diſguiſe your ſelues,
Like Country Gentlemen,
Or riding Cittizens, or ſo: and take
Each man a ſeuerall path, but let vs meete
At Bethlem monaſterie, ſome ſpace of time
Being ſpent betweene the arriuall each of other,
As if we came to ſee, their Lunatickes.
To horſe, away, be ſecret on your liues,
Loue muſt be puniſht that vniuſtly thriues. *Exeũt*

Flu.

Flu. Be ſecret on your liues: *Caſtruchio*,
Y'are butta ſcuruy ſpaniell; honeſt Lord,
Good lady: Zounds their loue is iuſt, tis good,
And I'le preuent you tho I ſwim in blood. *Exit.*

Enter Frier Anſelmo, Hipolito, Mathao, Infelicet.

Hip. Nay, nay, reſolue good father, or deny.

Anſ. You preſſe me to an act, both full of danger, and full of happines: for I behold your fathers frowns, his threats, nay perhaps death to him that dare doe this: yet noble Lord, ſuch comfortable beames breake through theſe clouds by this bleſt mariage, that your honor'd word being pawnd in my defence, I will tie faſt the holy wedding knot.

Hip. Tuſh, feare not the Duke.

Anſ. O ſonne! wiſely to feare, is to be free from feare.

Hip. You haue our words, and you ſhall haue our liues,
To guard you ſafe from all enſuing danger.

Mat. I, I, chop em vp, and away.

Anſ. Stay, when iſt fit for mee, and ſafeſt for you, to entertaine this buſineſſe? *Hip.* Not till the euening.

Anſ. Be it ſo, there ſtands a Chappell hard by,
Vpon the weſt end of the Abbey wall,
Thither conuey your ſelues, and when the Sunne
Hath turn'd his backe vpon this vpper world,
I'le marry you: that done, no thundring voice can breake the ſacred bond, yet Lady, here you are moſt ſafe.

Infe. Father, your loue's moſt deere.

Mat. I, well ſaide, locke vs into ſome little roome by our ſelues, that we may be mad for an houre or two.

Hip. O good *Mathao* no, lets make no noiſe.

Mat. How! no noiſe! doe you know where you are? ſfoot mongſt all the mad-caps in *Millan*: ſo that to throw the houſe out at window wil be the better, and no man will ſuſpect that we lurke heere to ſteale mutton: the more ſober wee are, the more ſcuruy tis. And tho the Frier tell vs, that heere wee are ſafeſt, I am not of his minde, for if thoſe lay heere that had loſt their money, none would euer looke after them, but heere are none but thoſe that haue loſt their wits, ſo that if hue and crie be made, hither they'l come, and my reaſon is, becauſe none

goes to be married till he be ſtarke mad.

Hip. Muffle your ſelues, yonders *Fluello.* *Enter Fluello.*

Mat. Zounds!

Flu. O my Lord, theſe cloakes are not for this raine, the tempeſt is too great: I come ſweating to tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

Mat. Why what's the matter?

Flu. What's the matter? you haue matterd it faire: the Duk's at hand.

Omnes The Duke! *Flu.* The very Duke.

Hip. Then all our plots are turn'd vpon our heads; and we are blowne vp, with our owne vnderminings. Sfoote how comes he? what villaine durſt betray our being heere?

Flu. *Caſtruchio* tolde the Duke, and *Matheo* heere told *Caſtruchio.*

Hip. Would you betray me to *Caſtruchio?*

Ma. Sfoot, he damn'd himſelf to hell, if he ſpake on't agen.

Hip. So did you ſweare to me: ſo were you damn'd.

Mat. Pox on 'em, if there be no faith in men, if a man ſhall not beleeue othes: he took Bread and Salt by this Light, that he would neuer open his lips. *Hip.* O God!

Anſ. Son be not deſperate, ha patience, you ſhall trip your enemy downe by his owne ſlights: How far is the Duke hēce?

Flu. Hee's but new ſet out, *Caſtruchio*, *Pioratto* and *Sinezi* come along with him: you haue time enough yet to preuent them, if you haue but courage.

Anſ. Ye ſhal ſteale ſecretly into the Chappell,
And preſently be married: if the Duke
Abide heere ſtill, ſpite often thouſand eies,
You ſhall ſcape hence like Friers.

Hip. O bleſt diſguiſe! O happy man!

Anſ. Talk not of happines til your clos'd hand
Haue her by'th forehead, like the locke of Time:
Be not too ſlow, nor haſty, now you clime
Vp to the Tower of bliſſe, only be wary
And patient, thats all: if you like my plot,
Build and diſpatch: if not, farewell; then not.

Hip. O yes, we doe applaud it, wee'l diſpute
No longer, but will hence and execute. *Fluello.*

Fluello, You'l ſtay here, let vs be gone,
The ground that frighted Louers treade vpon,
Is ſtucke with thornes.
Anſ. Come then, away, tis meete, *Exeunt*
To ſcape thoſe thorns, to put on winged feet.
Mat. No words pray *Fluello*, for't ſtands vs on.
Flu. Oh ſir, let that be your leſſon:
Alas poore Louers! on what hopes and feares,
Men toſſe themſelues for women: when ſhe's got
The beſt haz in her that which pleaſeth not.

Enter to Fluello, the Duke, Caſtruchio, Pioratto, and Sinezi from ſeuer all doores muffled.

Duke. Who's there? *Caſt.* My Lord.
Duke. Peace: ſend thar Lord away.
A Lordſhrp will ſpoile all, lets be all fellowes
Whats he?
Caſt. Fluello, or elſe *Sinezi* by his little legs.
Omnes. All friends, all friends.
Du. What, met vpon the very point of time?
Is this the place? *Pio.* This is the place my Lord.
Du. Dream you on Loadſhips! come no more Lords pray:
You haue not ſeene theſe Louers yet! *Omn.* Not yet.
Duke. Caſtruchio, art thou ſure this wedding feate is not till afternoone? *Caſtr.* So tis giuen out my Lord.
Du. Nay, nay, tis like, theeues muſt obſerue their houres.
Louers watch minutes like Aſtronomers,
How ſhall the *interim* houres by vs be ſpent?
Flu. Lets all go ſee the mad men.
Om. Maſſe content. *Enter Towne like a ſweeper.*
Du. O here comes one, queſtion him, queſtion him.
Flu. Now honeſt fellow, doſt belong to the houſe?
Tow. Yes forſooth, I am one of the implements, I ſweep the mad-mens roomes, and fetch ſtraw for 'em, and buy chaines to tie em, and rods to whip em, I was a mad wag my ſelfe here once, but I thank father *Anſelm*, he laſht me into my wits agen.
Duk. Anſelme is the Frier muſt marry them,
Queſtion him where he is.

Cast. And where is father *Anſelmo* now?

Town. Mary hee's gone but euen now.

Du. I, wel done, tell me, whither is he gone?

Tow. Why to God a mighty:

Flu. Ha, ha, this fellow's a foole, talkes idely.

Pio. Are all the mad folks in *Millan* brought hither?

Town. How all! there's a queſtion indeede: why if all the mad folkes in *Millan* ſhould come hither, there would not bee left ten men in the Citty.

Duke. Few Gentlemen or Courtiers heere, ha.

Town. O yes, aboundance, aboundance, lands no ſooner fall into their hands, but ſtrait they runne out of their wits: Cittizens ſons and heirs are free of the houſe by their fathers copy: Farmers ſons come hither like geeſe (in flockes) & when they ha ſold all their corne fields, here they ſit and picke the ſtraws.

Si. Me thinks you ſhould haue women here aſwell as men.

Town. O I, a plague on 'em, there's no ho with 'em, they're madder then March hares.

Flu. Are there no Lawyers amongſt you?

Town. O no, not one: neuer any Lawyer, we dare not let a Lawyer come in, for hee'l make 'em mad faſter then wee can recouer 'em.

Du. And how long iſt e're you recouer any of theſe?

Town. Why according to the quantitie of the Moone thats got into 'em, an Aldermans ſonne will bee mad a great while, a very great while, eſpecially if his friends left him well, a whore will hardly come to her wits agen: a puritane there's no hope of him, vnleſſe he may pull downe the Steeple, and hang himſelfe i'th bell-ropes.

Flu. I perceiue all ſorts of fiſh come to your net.

Town. Yes in truth, we haue blockes for all heads, we haue good ſtore of wilde-Oates heere: for the Courtier is mad at the Cittizen, the Cittizen is madde at the Countrey man, the Shoomaker is mad at the Cobler, the Cobler at the Carman, the Puncke is mad that the marchants wife is no whore, the marchants wife is mad that the Punke is ſo common a whore: god ſo, here's father *Anſelmo*, pray ſay nothing that I tell tales out of the Schoole. *Exit.* *Omn.* God bleſſe you father.

Anſel.

Anſel. I thanke you Gentlemen. *Enter Anſelmo.*
Caſt. Pray may we ſee ſome of thoſe wretched ſoules,
That heere are in your keeping? *Anſ.* Yes, you ſhall.
But Gentlemen, I muſt diſarme you then,
There are of mad-men, as there are of tame,
All humourd not alike: we haue here ſome,
So apiſh and phantaſticke, play with a feather,
And tho twould grieue a ſoule to ſee Gods image
So blemiſht and defac'd, yet doe they act
Such anticke and ſuch pretty lunacies,
That ſpite of Sorrow they'l make you ſmile:
Others agen we haue like hungry Lions,
Fierce as wilde Bulls, vntameable as flies,
And theſe haue oftentimes from ſtrangers ſides
Snatcht rapiers ſodainely, and done much harme,
Whom if you'l ſee, you muſt be weaponleſſe.
Omn. With all our hearts.
Anſ. Here, take theſe weapons in,
Stand off a little pray: ſo, ſo, tis well:
I'le ſhew you here a man that was ſometimes
A very graue and wealthy Cittizen,
Haz ſeru'd a prentiſhip to this misfortune,
Beene here ſeauen yeares, and dwelt in *Bergamo.*
Duke. How fell he from his wits?
Anſel. By loſſe at Sea:
I'le ſtand aſide, queſtion him you alone,
For if he ſpie me, hee'l not ſpeake a word,
Vnleſſe hee's throughly vext. *Diſcouers an old man wrapt*
Flu. Alas poore ſoule! *Caſt.* A very old man. *(in a net.*
Duke. God ſpeed father.
1. *Mad.* God ſpeed the Plow, thou ſhalt not ſpeed me.
Pio. We ſee you old man for all you daunce in a net.
1. *Mad.* True, but thou wilt daunce in a halter, and I ſhall
Anſ. O doe not vex him pray. (not ſee thee.
Caſtr. Are you a Fiſherman father?
1. *Mad.* No, I am neither fiſh nor fleſh.
Flu. What doe you with that net then?
1. *Mad.* Doſt not ſee foole? there's a freſh Salmon in't: if you ſtep one foot further, you'l be ouer ſhoes, for you ſee I am

ouer head and eare in ſalt-water: if you fall into this whirle-poole where I am, y'are drown'd: y'are a drownd Rat. I am fiſhing here for fiue ſhips, but I cannot haue a good draught, for my Net breakes ſtill, and breakes, but I'le breake ſome of your neckes and I catch you in my clutches. Stay, ſtay, ſtay, wheres the winde? wheres the winde? Out you Gulles, you Gooſe-caps, you Gudgeon-eaters! do you looke for the wind in the heauens? ha, ha, ha. ha, no, no, looke there, looke there, the winde is alwayes at that doore: hearke how it blowes, puffe, puffe, puffe. *Omnes* Ha, ha, ha.

1. *Mad.* Do you laugh at Gods creatures? do you mock old age, you Rogues? Is this gray beard and head counterfet, that you cry, ha, ha, ha? Sirra, art not thou my eldeſt ſonne?

Pior. Yes indeede father.

1. *Mad.* Then thart a foole, for my eldeſt ſonne had a pelt-foot, crooked legs, a veriuice face, and a peare-colourd beard: I made him a Scholler, and hee made himſelfe a foole. Sirra, thou there: hold out thy hand. *Du.* My hand, well, here tis.

1. *Mad.* Looke, looke, looke, haz hee not long nailes, and ſhort haire? *Flu.* Yes, monſtrous ſhort haire, and abhominable long nailes. 1. *Mad.* Ten-peny nailes, are they not?

Flu. Yes ten-peny nailes.

1. *Mad.* Such nailes had my ſecond boy: kneele downe thou varlet, and aske thy father bleſſing: Such nailes had my middlemoſt ſon, and I made him a Promoter: and he ſcrapt, and ſcrapt, and ſcrapt, till he got the diuel and all: but he ſcrapt thus and thus, and it went vnder his legs, till at length a company of Kites, taking him for carrion, ſwept vp all, all, all, all. If you loue your liues, looke to your ſelues: ſee, ſee, ſee, the Turkes Gallies are fighting with my ſhips, Bounce goes the gunnes: oooh! cry the men: romble, romble goe the waters: Alas, there; tis ſuncke, tis ſuncke: I am vndone, I am vndone, you are the damn'd Pirates haue vndone mee: you are by the Lord, you are, you are, ſtop 'em, you are.

Anſ. Why how now ſirra! muſt I fall to tame you?

1. *Mad.* Tame me! ha, I'le be madder then a roaſted Cat: ſee, ſee, I am burnt with gunpowder, theſe are our cloſe fights.

Anſ. I'le whip you if you grow vnruly thus.

1. *Mad.*

1. *Mad.* Whip me! out you toad whip me? what iuſtice is this, to whip mee becauſe I am a beggar? Alas! I am a poore man: a very poore man: I am ſtaru'd, and haue had no meate by this light, neuer ſince the great floud, I am a poore man.

Anſ. Well, well, be quiet, and you ſhall haue meate.

1. *Mad.* I, I pray do: for looke you, heere be my guts: theſe are my ribs: you may look through my ribs; ſee how my guts come out: theſe are my red guts, my very guts, oh, oh.

Anſel. Take him in there.

Omn. A very pitteous ſight.

Caſt. Father, I ſee you haue a buſie charge.

Anſ. They muſt be vſde like children, pleaſed with toyes,
And anone whipt for their vnrulineſſe:
I'le ſhew you now a paire quite different
From him that's gone; he was all words, and theſe
Vnleſſe you vrge em, ſeldome ſpend their ſpeech,
But haue their tongues: la you, this hithermoſt
Fell from the happy quietnes of minde,
About a maiden that he lou'd, and died:
He followed her to Church, being full of teares,
And as her body went into the ground,
He fell ſtarke mad. This is a married man,
Was iealous of a faire, but as ſome ſay,
A very vertuous wife, and that ſpoil'd him.

2. *Mad.* All theſe are whoremongers, & lay with my wife: whore, whore, whore.

Flu. Obſerue him.

2. *Mad.* Gaffer Shoomaker, you puld on my wifes pumps, and then crept into her pantofles: lie there, lie there: this was her Tailer; you cut out her looſe-bodied Gowne, and put in a yard more then I allowed her, lie there by the Shoomaker: O maiſter Doctor! are you here? you gaue me a Purgation, and then crept into my wiues chamber, to feele her pulſes, and you ſaid, and ſhe ſaid, and her maide ſaid, that they went pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat: doctor, I'le put you anone into my wifes Vrinall: heigh, come aloft Iacke: this was her ſchoole-maiſter, and taught her to play vpon the Virginalls, and ſtill his Iacks leapt vp, vp: you prickt her out nothing but bawdy

leſſons, but I'le pricke you all, Fidler-Doctor: Tayler-ſhoo-maker: ſhoomaker, Fidler, Doctor, Tayler: ſo, lie with my wife agen now.

Caſtr. See how he notes the other, now he feedes.

2.*Mad.* Giue mee ſome porridge.

3.*Mad.* I'le giue thee none.

2.*Mad.* Giue me ſome porridge.

3.*Mad.* I'le not giue thee a bit.

2.*Mad.* Giue me that flap-dragon.

3.*Mad.* I'le not giue thee a ſpoonefull: thou lieſt, its no Dragon tis a Parrat, that I bought for my ſweet heart, and I'le keepe it.

2.*Mad.* Heere's an almond for Parrat.

3.*Mad.* Hang thy ſelfe.

2.*Mad.* Heere's a rope for Parrat.

3.*Mad.* Eate it, for I'le eate this.

2.*Ma.* I'le ſhoot at thee, if thou'lt giue me none.

3.*Mad.* Wut thou?

2.*Ma.* Ile run a tilt at thee, if thou giue me none.

3.*Mad.* Wut thou? doe and thou dar'ſt.

2.*Mad.* Bownce.

3.*Mad.* O I am ſlaine! murder, murder, murder, I am ſlaine, my braines are beaten out.

Anſ. How now you villains! bring me whips: Ile whip you.

3.*Ma.* I am dead, ſlaine, ring out the bell, for I am dead.

Duke. How will you doe now firra? you ha kill'd him.

2.*Mad.* I'le anſwer't at Seſſions: he was eating of almond Butter, and I long'd for't: the child had neuer been deliuered out of my belly, if I had not kill'd him, I'le anſwert at ſeſſions, ſo my wife may be burnt ith hand too.

Anſ. Take 'em in both: bury him, for he's dead.

3.*Mad.* I indeede, I am dead, put me I pray in a good pit (hole.

2.*Mad.* I'le anſwer't at Seſſions. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bellafronte mad.

Anſ. How now huſwife, whither gad you?

Bell. A nutting forſooth: how do you gaffer? how do you gaffer? there's a French curſie for you too.

Flo. Tis *Bellafronte.*

Pio. Tis the puncke by'th Lord.

Duke. Father, what's ſhe I pray?

Anſ. As yet I know not,
She came in but this day, talkes little idlely,
And therefore haz the freedome of the houſe.

Bell. Doe not you know me? nor you, nor you.

Omn. No indeed.

Bell. Then you are an Aſſe, and you an Aſſe, and you are an Aſſe, for I know you.

Anſ. Why what are they? come, tell me, what are they?

Bell. They are Fiſh-wiues, will you buy any Gudgeons? gods ſanty, yonder come Friers, I know them too: how doe you Friet?

Enter Hipolito, Matheo, and Infelice diſguiſde in the habites of Friers.

Anſ. Nay, nay, away, you muſt not trouble Friers:
The Duke is heere, ſpeake nothing.

Bell. Nay indeede you ſhall not goe: wee'l run at barley-breake firſt, and you ſhall be in hell.

Mat. My puncke turn'd mad whore, as al her fellowes are?

Hip. Say nothing, but ſteale hence, when you ſpie time.

Anſ. I'le locke you vp, if y'are vnruly, fie.

Bell. Fie, mary ſo: they ſhall not goe indeede till I ha tolde 'em their fortunes.

Duke. Good father, giue her leaue.

Bell. I pray, good father, and I'le giue you my bleſſing.

Anſ. Well then, be briefe, but if you are thus vnruly,
I'le haue you lockt vp faſt.

Pio. Come, to their fortunes.

Bell. Let me ſee, 1. 2. 3. and 4. I'le begin with the little Frier firſt, heer's a fine hand indeed, I neuer ſaw Frier haue ſuch a dainty hand: heere's a hand for a Lady, heere's your fortune,
You loue a Frier better then a Nun,
Yet long you'l loue no Frier, nor no Friers ſonne.
Bow a little, the line of Life is out, yet I am afraid,
For all y'are holy, you'l not die a maid: God giue you ioy.
Now to you Frier *Tucke*.

Mat. God ſend me good lucke.

Bell. You loue one, and one loues you:
You are a falſe knaue, and ſhee's a Iew,
Heere is a Diall that falſe euer goes.
Mat. O your wet drops!
Bell. Troth ſo does your noſe:
Nay lets ſhake hands with you too:
Pray open, heere's a fine hand:
Ho Frier ho, God be here,
So he had need: you'l keepe good cheare,
Heere's a free table, but a frozen breaſt,
For you'l ſtarue thoſe that loue you beſt.
Yet you haue good fortune, for if I am no liar,
Then you are no Frier, nor you, nor you no Frier,
Ha, ha, ha. *Diſcouers them.*
Du. Are holy habites clokes for villanie?
Draw all your weapons.
Hip. Doe, draw all your weapons.
Du. Where are your weapons? draw.
Omn. The Frier haz gulld vs of 'em.
Mat. O rare tricke!
You ha learn'd one mad point of Arithmeticke.
Hip. Why ſwels your ſpleene ſo hie?
Gainſt what boſom would ye your wepons draw
Hers, tis your daughters: Mine, tis your ſonnes.
Du. Sonne! *Mat.* Sonne, by yonder Sunne.
Hip. You cannot ſhed bloud here but tis your owne,
To ſpill your owne bloud were damnation:
Lay ſmooth that wrinkled brow, and I'le throw
My ſelfe beneath your feet:
Let it be rugged ſtill and flinted ore,
What can come forth but ſparkes that will burne
Your ſelfe and vs? ſhe's mine, my claime's good,
She's mine by mariage, tho ſhe's yours by blood.
I haue a hand (deare Lord) deepe in this act,
For I foreſaw this ſtorme, yet willingly
Put forth to meet it: Oft haue I ſeene a father
Waſhing the wounds of his deare ſonne in tears,
A ſonne to curſe the ſword that ſtrucke his faiher,

Both ſlaine 'ith quarrell of your families,
Thoſe ſcars are now tane off: and I beſeech you
To ſeale our pardon, all was to this end,
To turne the ancient hates of your two houſes
To freſh greene friendſhip,
That your Loues might looke
Like the Springs forehead, comfortably ſweet:
And your vext ſoules in peacefull vnion meete,
Their bloud wil now be yours, yours wilbe theirs
And happineſſe ſhal crowne your filuer haires.

Flu. You ſee (my Lord) ther's now no remedy.

Omn. Beſeech your Lordſhip.

Du. You beſeech faire, you haue me in place fit
To bridle me, riſe Frier, you may be glad
You can make mad men tame, & tame men mad,
Since Fate hath conquerd, I muſt reſt content,
To ſtriue now, would but adde new puniſhment:
I yeeld vnto your happineſſe, be bleſt,
Our families ſhall henceforth breathe in reſt.

Omn. O happy change!

Duke. Yours now is my conſent,
I throw vpon your ioyes my full content.

Bel. Am not I a good girle, for finding the Frier in the wel? Gods ſo, you are a braue man: will not you buy me ſome ſugar plums, becauſe I am ſo good a fortune teller.

Du. Would thou hadſt wit (thou pretty ſoule) to aske,
As I haue will to giue.

Bell. Pretty ſoule, a pretty ſoule is better then a pretty body: doe not you know my pretty ſoule? I know you: Is not your name *Matheo*? *Mat.* Yes lamb.

Bell. Baa Lamb! there you lie, for I am mutton: looke fine man, he was mad for me once, and I was mad for him once, and he was mad for her once, and were you neuer mad? Yes I warrant, I had a fine iewell once, a very fine iewell, and that naughty man ſtole it away from mee, a very fine and a rich iewell.

Duke. What iewell pretty maide?

Bell. Maide, nay that's a lie: O 'twas a very rich iewell, call'd

a Maiden-head, and had not you it leerer.

Mat. Out you mad aſſe! away.

Duke. Had he thy Mayden-head?
He ſhall make thee amends, and marry thee.

Bell. Shal he? O braue *Arthur* of *Bradley* then!

Du. And if he beare the mind of a gentleman,
I know hee will.

Mat. I thinke I rifled her of ſome ſuch paltry iewell.

Duke. Did you? then marry her, you ſee the wrong
Haz led her ſpirits into a lunacie.

Mat. How, marry her my Lord? ſfoote marry a madwoman: let a man get the tameſt wife he can come by, ſhee'l bee mad enough afterward, doe what he can.

Duke. Nay then, father *Anſelmo* here ſhall doe his beſt,
To bring her to her wits, and will you then?

Mat. I cannot tell, I may chooſe.

Duke. Nay then Law ſhall compell: I tell you ſir,
So much her hard fate moues me, you ſhould not breathe vnder this aire, vnleſſe you married her.

Mat. Well then, when her wits ſtand in their right place,
I'le marry her.

Bell. I thanke your Grace: *Matheo*, thou art mine:
I am not mad, but put on this diſguiſe,
Onely for you my Lord: for you can tell
Much wonder of me, but you are gone: farewell.
Matheo, thou didſt firſt turne my ſoule blacke,
Now make it white agen: I doe proteſt,
I'm pure as fire now, chaſte as *Cynthiaes* breaſt.

Hip. I durſt be ſworne *Matheo* ſhee's indeed.

Mat. Cony-catcht, gulld, muſt I ſaile in yourſlie-boate,
Becauſe I helpt to reare your maine-maſt firſt?
Plague found you for't, tis well.
The Cuckolds ſtamp goes currant in all nations,
Some men ha horns giu'n them at therr creations,
If I be one of thoſe, why ſo: its better
To take a common wench, and make her good,
Then one that ſimpers, and at firſt will ſcarſe
Be tempted forth ouer the threſhold doore,

Yet

Yet in one ſenight turnes arrant whore:
Com wench, thou ſhalt be mine, giue me thy gols,
Wee'l talke of legs hereafter: ſee my Lord,
God giue vs ioy. *Omn.* God giue you ioy.

Enter Candidoes wife, and George.

Geo. Come miſtris, we are in Bedlam now,
See, we come in pudding time, for here's the duke.
Wife. My husband good my Lord.
Duke. Haue I thy husband?
Caſt. Its *Candido* my Lord, he's heere among the lunaticks: father *Anſelmo*, pray fetch him foorth: this mad woman is his wife, and tho ſhe were not with child, yet did ſhe long moſt ſpitefully to haue her husband mad: and becauſe ſhee would be ſure he ſhould turne Iew, ſhe placed him here in Bethlem, yonder he comes. *Enter Candido with Anſelmo.*
Duke. Come hither Signior, are you mad?
Cand. You are not mad.
Duke. Why I know that.
Cand. Then may you know I am not mad that
Know y'are not mad, and that y'are the Duke:
None is mad heere but one. How doe you wife?
What do you long for now? pardon my Lord:
She had loſt her childes noſe elſe: I did cut out
Penyworths of lawne, the lawne was mine owne:
A carpet was my gowne, yet 'twas mine owne:
I wore my mans coate, yet the cloth mine owne:
Had a crackt crowne, the crowne was mine own,
She ſayes for this I am mad: were her words true,
I ſhould be mad indeede: O fooliſh skill!
Is patience madneſſe? I'le be a mad-man ſtill.
Wife. Forgiue me, and I'le vex your ſpirit no more.
Duke. Come, come, wee'l haue you friends,
Ioyne hearts, ioyne hands.
Cand. See my Lord, we are euen,
Nay riſe, for ill deeds kneele vnto none but heauen.
Duke Signior, me thinkes patience haz laid on you
Such heauy weight, that you ſhould loathe it.
Cand. Loathe it!

Duke.

Duke. For he whoſe breaſt is tender, bloud ſo coole,
That no wrongs heate it, is a patient foole:
What comfort doe you finde in being ſo calme?

Card. That which greene wounds receiue from ſoueraigne (balme,
Patience my Lord: why tis the ſoule of peace:
Of all the vertues tis neer'ſt kin to heauen.
It makes men looke like gods: the beſt of men
That ere wore earth about him, was a ſufferer,
A ſoft, meeke, patient, humble, tranquill ſpirit,
The firſt true Gentleman that euer breath'd,
The ſtocke of Patience then cannot be poore:
All it deſires, it haz, what Monarch more?
It is the greateſt enemy to Law
That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,
And ſo chaines vp Lawyers and Womens tongues.
Tis the perpetuall priſoners liberty:
His walkes and orchards: tis the bond-ſlaues freedome,
And makes him ſeeme prowd of each yron chaine,
As tho he wore it more for State then Paine:
It is the beggars muſicke, and thus ſings,
Although their bodies beg, their ſoules are Kings.
O my dread Liege! It is the ſame bliſſe
Reares vs aloft; makes men and Angels kiſſe.
And laſt of all, to end a houſhold ſtrife,
It is the hony gainſt a waſpiſh wife.

Duke. Thou giu'ſt it liuely colours: who dare ſay
Hee's mad, whoſe words march in ſo good aray?
Twere ſinne all women ſhould ſuch husbands haue,
For euery man muſt then be his wifes ſlaue.
Come therefore, you ſhall teach our Court to ſhine,
So calme a ſpirit is worth a golden Mine,
Wiues (with meeke husbands) that to vex them long,
In Bedlam muſt they dwell, elſe dwell they wrong.

FINIS.